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## MARLOWE'S FAUSTUS: A RECONSIDERATION

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### I

If, as E. E. Stoll cogently reiterates, it is true of Shakespeare, that it is not he but the critics who are misleading, it is equally true of Marlowe. As one reads *Doctor Faustus*, the play itself, after having perused modern appreciations of it, one is almost shocked. There seems to be *so little* relation between the artifact itself and the comment upon it. The reason for this false criticism is not far to seek. There are elementary principles without which neither Shakespeare nor Marlowe—nor any competent dramatist, we may add—can be dealt with justly. What these principles are cannot be too often repeated.

The Elizabethan dramatists themselves knew what they were doing. They knew that they were writing *plays*. They recognized and utilized the peculiar opportunities which the form allowed them. They knew what the special relationship in the theatre between the play and the audience allowed and demanded. *We* constantly forget that a play is a play. Thus, we search for recondite understanding when the dramatist himself by means of soliloquy or comment by other characters has given us a clear understanding which it is perverse not to accept. But though we are often over-subtle concerning the obvious, we are often not subtle enough when the dramatist legitimately uses dramatic irony or when he carefully complements an action or speech by a later action or speech. Basic in our confusion is an inability to absorb the consequences of the forgotten truth that drama is primarily action, progressive action—not poetry, not characterization, not message. (True, these latter are all members of a tight family group, the organism which is the entirety, but none can be the

leader if the audience is to remain interested in what is occurring on the stage. *That* condition is the *sine qua non* of the theatre. If the dramatist fails in *that*, he fails utterly—all other justification is beside the point. Action is the soul of drama.)

It is dangerous to discuss a passage in an Elizabethan play out of its context. The context conditions the interpretation of the passage. The 'Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow' lines, so frequently found in bare isolation, are not a universal statement expressing Shakespeare's comment on life: they are the words of a particular character at a particular time and are dramatically revelatory of that character: they represent life as Macbeth sees it at the very end of his career of crime: they are the product of a twisted, tortured mind. Would any serious film director, today, snip forty seconds from a film and send it to a serious film critic in order that the latter might make serious talk about the fragment? The analogy is especially sound in a condition frequently overlooked. Informing the Elizabethan dramatist's technique is a knowledge that the forward movement of his play negates prolonged scrutiny of any particular part.

Hence, too, we prate about psychological integrity of characters in Shakespeare but do not seem to realize the issues involved. Drama is an imitation of men-in-action. We say that the closer to life the drama is the better it is. But a drama is not life. It is a construct using raw life as its material; and it is a construct through selection, omission, emphasis. It is a construct which gives the illusion of life. The immediate (though not the whole) test of a drama is not allegiance to the textbook or experience, to anything which we know of life when we are out of the theatre. The immediate test is whether when we are in the theatre what is on the stage is a successful illusion. And the audience's capacity for illusion is immense. Your Shakespeare understood that a character's being easily identifiable (i.e. by costume) was sometimes enough to make the audience accept as probable a series of actions by that character which in real life could not normally emanate from one character. Psychological inconsistency could be used by the dramatist for expedience or for greater effect. It might be maintained that such a combination of conscience and villainy as Macbeth could exist. When, however, Shakespeare has Lucio, the cheap sensualist in *Measure for Measure*, go completely out of character to praise the chaste Isabella (I. iv. 30-8), Shakespeare is employing the divergence between life and art to great effect. This device of disjunct character, of having a character not in sympathy with a group of values used, for the nonce, to praise these superior values, is not uncommon in Shakespeare. It is a dramatic device. And the audience's capacity for such dramatic device is also immense. One might think that expressionistic technique would not be understandable to an average audience. Yet *Beggar on Horseback* was a

very successful Broadway play, and the expressionistic dream scenes of Garson Kanin's superb movie, *Tom, Dick, and Harry*, were mightily appreciated. That Shakespeare presupposes and utilizes the normal audience's capacity for dramatic illusion and dramatic device is clearly indicated in the Prologue to *Henry V*.

There are signs that we are beginning to understand Elizabethan drama in its own terms, in terms of the theatre. What is really happening is that we are beginning to slough off the æsthetic of naturalism, the prime purpose of which was to assert that such æsthetic was unnecessary, that art and life were the same. Today, it is admitted that the greatness of an E. M. Forster, of an André Gide, lies in utilizing the artistic techniques which the author of *A Winter's Tale* employed. The artist creates the impossible to reveal the eternal.

If the dramatist says we are in Lapland, we believe that the location of the action is Lapland. But what troubles critics of the early drama is that the play's continent of values—of *mores*, of customs, even of psychology—is also deemed to be foreign and unfamiliar to us. Now, it is probably true that the ethical, religious, and metaphysical concepts inherent in Shakespeare's great tragedies and comedies are, by and large, concepts which were predominant in Elizabethan civilization. It does not follow that we must study that civilization in order to understand Shakespeare. The best the historical critic can discover is something in Shakespeare's England which is already indicated in the play itself. A play, like any other work of art, tends to be complete in itself. But it always possesses a limited perspective. A drama presents only a part of life and that from a limited moral perspective. Though the concepts of Shakespeare's plays are the viable concepts of Shakespeare's environment, no one play gives all these concepts. Variation in ethical patterns was possible. The moral standards by which Iago, Shylock, Malvolio are to be judged are within the plays in which they appear. But note that the non-idealistic standards of Petruchio concerning dowry (I. ii. 50ff.) are similar to the material standards of Launce, the servant in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* (III. i. 361ff.); in the former play they are apparently socially acceptable; in the latter, they are deliberately inferior to the values of Valentine, Sylvia, Julia, and Sir Eglamour. An Elizabethan drama's prevalent ethical system could be violently private, as in John Ford's *'Tis Pity She's A Whore*. Or it could be socially radical, as in Middleton's pro-feminine *The Roaring Girl*. It could be middle-class, as in *The Shoemakers' Holiday*. It could be aristocratic, as in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*.

The particular glory of Shakespeare is that the psychology of his creatures, the ethics of their world, the universe which they inhabit are more than merely plausible. For the critics of the seventeenth and eighteenth

centuries—Samuel Johnson is especially worthy of citation on this count—Shakespeare imitated not Elizabethan man but essential man. Essential man does not change. To imitate fundamental man is to imitate basic action-patterns of great moral and spiritual significance. To most of his audience Shakespeare's imitation *seems* right. To some of his audience, it *is* right.

Each Elizabethan play, therefore, has a particular world-view, a hierarchy of values and beliefs which may or may not possess the added quality of universality. A drama needs to be judged on a kind of double basis. Shakespeare is quite successful in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* in getting us for the moment to believe in a fantastic world—a world in which artificial values of courtly love are not merely custom but nature. To be eternally true to one's beloved and to one's friend is the gravest consideration of the superior beings of this world; all else is dross—care for food or money, respect for parents, one's own comfort. The play is a Petrarchan sonnet put into speech and action. Are we to praise the play because it is close to life? Nonsense! We praise it because the inhabitants of its artificial world are constantly consistent in their remoteness from life. Of course, such praise is limited. Later on, Shakespeare learned to give touches of nature to the non-comic creatures of his artificial world. Luciana and Adriana of *The Comedy of Errors*, Biron of *Love's Labour's Lost*, Julia of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* represent his first attempts in this direction. It is in the great comedies and the great tragedies that the basic nature of his beings and the morality which encompasses their actions become universal—that is, come close to life as the audience apprehends life. One finally judges a play, therefore, as a successful illusion in the theatre *and* as a successful mirror of life. We can *temporarily believe* that goats are blue, but we *know* that they are not. The æsthetic principle has been well put by the poet, Marianne Moore: the artist puts real toads into imaginary gardens.

In all the hurly-burly of understanding Shakespeare, we seem to forget that the Elizabethans, Shakespeare, and we ourselves are in the same stream of civilization; that even though we, today, may not sympathize with certain aspects of this civilization, we do *understand* those aspects; and that while we are in the theatre, the dramatist can get us to accept a scale of values which is different from our normal scale of values, the temporary suspension of disbelief operating. Thus, Shakespeare's men and Shakespeare's world are immediately understandable in New York City or London because the audience is prepared for and/or accepts the values which Shakespeare explicitly or implicitly presents in his plays. The audience at an Evans or Gielgud *Macbeth* accepts Shakespeare's premises.



## II

What I have written applies (with, of course, a recognition of inferior artistry) to Marlowe. *Outside* the theatre, we may mightily agree or disagree with the eschatology inherent in *Doctor Faustus*. But *in* the theatre, as we watch the play, we understand and accept (if only for the nonce) that man's most precious possession is his immortal soul and that he gains Heaven or Hell by his professions and actions on earth. *In* the theatre, we accept Marlowe's premises. That these premises were inherent in his first audience is of incidental interest to us as students and appreciators of the drama. The premises are instinct in every word, line, passage, speech, action of the play. The Christian view of the world informs *Doctor Faustus* throughout—not the pagan view. If we do not accept that Faustus's selling his soul to the devil for earthly power and pleasure is a serious business, we simply are not hearing what Marlowe wrote.

Critics confound Marlowe the man and Marlowe the playwright. They consider that the man was an atheist and so interpret *Doctor Faustus*. What if the play were anonymous? What has biography to do with a play which we are presumably watching in the theatre? Whatever Marlowe was himself, there is no more obvious Christian document in all Elizabethan drama than *Doctor Faustus*. Or critics will consider the protagonist as a representative of the Renaissance superman. Whatever their feelings and thoughts on the revival of learning and the Reformation are, let them open-mindedly look at the play unfolding on the stage before them. For earthly learning, earthly power, earthly satisfaction, Faustus goes down to horrible and everlasting perdition. It does not matter what *you* think of Hell or what Marlowe privately thought of Hell. What does matter is that in terms of the play, Faustus is a wretched creature who for lower values gives up higher values—that the devil and Hell are omnipresent, potent, and terrifying realities. These are the values which govern the play. You must temporarily accept them while you watch the play. You need not ultimately accept them. But you should not interpret the play in the light of *your* philosophy or religion or absence of religion. You cannot do so if you hear it properly—as a play, as an entity, as a progressive action, as a quasi-morality in which is clearly set forth the hierarchy of moral values which enforces and encloses the play, which the characters in the play accept, which the playwright advances and accepts in his prologue and epilogue, which—hence—the audience must understand and accept.

## III

Now I want to apply what has been said above to the following famous speech from *Doctor Faustus* (V. i. 107-126):

Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,  
 And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?—  
 Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.—  
 Her lips suck forth my soul; see where it flies!—  
 Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.  
 Here will I dwell, for heaven is in these lips,  
 And all is dross that is not Helena. *Enter old man.*  
 I will be Paris, and for love of thee,  
 Instead of Troy, shall Wittenberg be sack'd;  
 And I will combat with weak Menelaus,  
 And wear thy colours on my plumed crest:  
 Yea, I will wound Achilles in the heel,  
 And then return to Helen for a kiss.  
 O, thou art fairer than the evening's air  
 Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;  
 Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter  
 When he appear'd to hapless Semele;  
 More lovely than the monarch of the sky  
 In wanton Arethusa's azured arms;  
 And none but thou shalt be my paramour!

*Exeunt.<sup>1</sup>*

This passage has again and again been presented in appreciation of Marlowe. 'What a marvellous pæan to beauty!' say the critics. Is it? Let us examine it in its context.

The reader will forgive a rapid survey of the play—which is necessary because of prevalent misunderstanding of Marlowe's artistic purpose in the drama. Necessarily, over-simplification must result, but major inaccuracy will not, I hope, be present.

The playwright immediately tells us in the Prologue:

So much he profits in divinity,  
 That shortly he was grac'd with Doctor's name,  
 Excelling all and sweetly can dispute  
 In th' heavenly matters of theology;  
 Till swoln with cunning, of a self-conceit,  
 His waxen wings did mount above his reach,  
 And, melting, heavens conspir'd his over-throw;  
 For, falling to a devilish exercise,  
 And glutted now with learning's golden gifts,  
 He surfeits upon cursed necromancy;  
 Nothing so sweet as magic is to him,  
 Which he prefers before his chiefest bliss:  
 And this the man that in his study sits.

<sup>1</sup> I employ the 1616 (B) text but have availed myself of the act, scene, line numbering; normalized spelling; lineation; stage-directions; and speech prefixes of F. S. Boas's edition. Since his is an eclectic text, I have had to make a few changes here and there—none material. I follow the 1604 (A) text in five places: II. ii. 20-2 and 100-2 which are not in B; the second half-line of V. i. 78; the entrance of the Old Man in the midst of the Helen eulogy, V. i. 113; and the Old Man's speech V. i. 127-9. The Old Man does not reappear in B after his exhortation.

We must trust Marlowe's *ex cathedra* description of his protagonist—a man who, swollen with pride in his attainments, comes to a deserved end because he has preferred forbidden pursuits to 'his chiefest bliss'. (Certainly Marlowe guides us deftly by the analogy with Icarus—who, of course, equates with Lucifer; see below I. iii. 67–71). The Faustus whom Marlowe gives us in the ensuing action is both more complex and less radiant than the utterances of scholars would lead us to expect.

That thus and so the world is constituted, that given a certain act of moral and spiritual significance such a consequence will follow, is indicated implicitly not only by the occurrences of the play but also explicitly by the choruses (as we have seen); by Faustus's own recognition; by Mephistophilis; by the Scholars; by the Old Man (perhaps, the most important guide Marlowe supplies us), etc. A chief device of such exposition is the Good Angel, the voice of God, the expounder of things as they are—who always appears in concert with the Bad Angel, the emissary of the Devil. Thus, at the very beginning of Faustus's temptation, the Good Angel says (I. i. 71–4):

O, Faustus, lay that damned book aside,  
And gaze not on it, lest it tempt thy soul,  
And heap God's heavy wrath upon thy head!  
Read, read the Scriptures:—that is blasphemy.

But Faustus hearkens to the Bad Angel. And note what he expects as a reward for practising the forbidden black magic. Before the Good Angel enters, he gloats (I. i. 54–6):

O, what a world of profit and delight,  
Of power, of honour, and omnipotence,  
Is promised to the studious artizan!

After this entrance, he further reveals his expectations. He will not only get knowledge and power: his mind dwells longingly on satisfaction of material appetite. The spirits will bring him 'gold', 'orient pearl', 'pleasant fruits', 'princely delicates', 'silk' (I. i. 83–92).

Not only has Faustus intellectual pride to an odious degree, but he is also avid for more vainglory (I. i. 113–9):

And I, that have with subtle syllogisms  
Gravell'd the pastors of the German church,  
And made the flowering pride of Wittenberg  
Swarm to my problems, as the infernal spirits  
On sweet Musæus when he came to hell,  
Will be as cunning as Agrippa was,  
Whose shadows made all Europe honour him.

Faustus is wholly egocentric. To himself, he is either the greatest of men or the greatest of abject sinners. He underrates his opponents, and relishes his inflated sense of his own abilities. Thus, after Mephistophilis has left

the stage at the behest of the magician that he reappear in the more pleasant guise of a Franciscan (Marlowe is indeed subtle: Faustus will not and can not accept things as they are: the truth must be side-stepped some way, the bitter pill must be coated with sugar), Faustus wallows in a delusion of self-importance (I. iii. 31-3):

How pliant is this Mephistophilis,  
Full of obedience and humility!  
Such is the force of magic and my spells. . . .

But Mephistophilis quickly disillusion him (I. iii. 47-56):

*Faust.* Did not my conjuring raise thee? speak?  
*Meph.* That was the cause, but yet *per accidens*;  
For, when we hear one rack the name of God,  
Abjure the Scriptures and his Saviour Christ,  
We fly, in hope to get his glorious soul;  
Nor will we come, unless he use such means  
Whereby he is in danger to be damn'd.  
Therefore the shortest cut for conjuring  
Is stoutly to abjure all godliness,  
And pray devoutly to the prince of hell.

Faustus agrees to worship Belzebub (I. iii. 61-5):

This word 'damnation' terrifies not me,  
For I confound hell in Elysium:  
My ghost be with the old philosophers!  
But, leaving these vain trifles of men's souls  
Tell me what is that Lucifer thy lord?

But note how Marlowe immediately shows up the vanity and foolhardiness of this last speech. In order to set forth that damnation and soul are not mere trifles, the playwright has the enemy of man strip Faustus of those very delusions which the enemy of man wants Faustus to possess in order that the enemy of man may destroy Faustus. This dramatic device is similar to that of disjunct character which I discussed earlier: the enemy of the truth supports the truth so that the audience will be absolutely clear as to what the truth is. And note that Mephistophilis foreshadows Faustus's fall in Lucifer's, and that insolence and pride are the instigators in both cases (I. iii. 67-84):

*Faust.* Was not that Lucifer an angel once?  
*Meph.* Yes, Faustus, and most dearly lov'd of God.  
*Faust.* How comes it then that he is prince of devils?  
*Meph.* O, by aspiring pride and insolence;  
For which God threw him from the face of heaven.  
*Faust.* And what are you that live with Lucifer?  
*Meph.* Unhappy spirits that fell with Lucifer,  
Conspir'd against our God with Lucifer,  
And are for ever damn'd with Lucifer.

*Faust.* Where are you damn'd?

*Meph.* In hell.

*Faust.* How comes it then that thou art out of hell?

*Meph.* Why this is hell, nor am I out of it:

Think'st thou that I, that saw the face of God,  
And tasted the eternal joys of heaven,  
Am not tormented with ten thousand hells,  
In being depriv'd of everlasting bliss?  
O, Faustus, leave these frivolous demands,  
Which strikes a terror to my fainting soul!

But the foolhardy Faustus, having been warned by the Devil himself, reprimands the latter for cowardliness! He boasts (I. iii. 85-8):

What, is great Mephistophilis so passionate  
For being deprived of the joys of heaven?  
Learn thou of Faustus manly fortitude,  
And scorn those joys thou never shalt possess.

How can any one read the scene and call the self-deluded, foolishly boastful Faustus a superman?

Note carefully what Faustus wants in return for selling his soul to the devil (I. iii. 92-99):

Say, he surrenders up to him his soul,  
So he will spare him four-and-twenty years,  
Letting him live in all voluptuousness;  
Having thee ever to attend on me,  
To give me whatsoever I shall ask,  
To tell me whatsoever I demand,  
To slay mine enemies, and to aid my friends,  
And always be obedient to my will.

Utter satisfaction of the will and utter satisfaction of the senses are what Faustus desires. And how he prates (I. iii. 104-5)—who a little later will be quaking!

Had I as many souls as there be stars,  
I'd give them all for Mephistophilis.

The next time we see Faustus, midnight of the same day, his emotional and intellectual instability is fully revealed. He veers between God and the Devil. At first, he is conscience-stricken. All his cocky effrontery is gone. But in a moment he is once more the user of egocentric hyperbole (II. i. 1-14):

Now, Faustus, must  
Thou needs be damn'd. Canst thou not be sav'd?  
What boots it, then, to think on God or heaven?  
Away with such vain fancies, and despair;  
Despair in God, and trust in Belzebub:  
Now go not backward; Faustus, be resolute:  
Why waver'st thou? O, something soundeth in mine ear,  
'Abjure this magic, turn to God again!  
Ay, and Faustus will turn to God again.



Why, he loves thee not;  
 The God thou serv'st is thine own appetite,  
 Wherein is fix'd the love of Belzebub:  
 To him I'll build an altar and a church,  
 And offer lukewarm blood of new-born babes.

A weakling, he must cover his fears with megalomaniacal fantasy. Two points should be made. We must understand that Faustus' conclusion as to the impossibility of God's mercy is the mark of a diseased ego—a lack of humility. And also, we must particularly remark Faustus' self-recognition of his driving passion: 'The God thou serv'st is thine own appetite'.

The struggle between Faustus' uncontrolled appetite and the powers of Heaven continues (II. i. 15-26):

*Enter the two Angels.*

*Bad Ang.* Go forward, Faustus, in that famous art,  
*Good Ang.* Sweet Faustus, leave that execrable art.  
*Faust.* Contrition, prayer, repentance—what of these?  
*Good Ang.* O, they are means to bring thee unto heaven!  
*Bad Ang.* Rather illusions, fruits of lunacy,  
 That make them foolish that do use them most.  
*Good Ang.* Sweet Faustus, think of heaven and heavenly things.  
*Bad Ang.* No, Faustus; think of honour and of wealth.  
*[Exeunt Angels.]*  
*Faust.* Wealth! Why, the signiory of Embden shall be mine.  
 When Mephistophilis shall stand by me,  
 What power can hurt me? Faustus, thou art safe:  
 Cast no more doubts—

He thus deludes himself. But again Faustus is warned by the emissary of Hell what awaits him if he sells his soul to the Devil (II. i. 38-44):

*Faust.* Stay, Mephistophilis, and tell me what good  
 Will my soul do thy lord?  
*Meph.* Enlarge his kingdom.  
*Faust.* Is that the reason why he tempts us thus?  
*Meph.* *Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.*  
*Faust.* Why, have you any pain that torture others?  
*Meph.* As great as have the human souls of men.

And that Faustus has free will, free choice, ability to affirm or deny God if he so wishes; that he cannot (as he does later) blame anyone but himself for his act and its consequences, Faustus himself makes clear when, after his blood has congealed so that he cannot sign the document and give his soul to Hell, he says (II. i. 66-9):

Why streams it not, that I may write afresh?  
*Faustus gives to thee his soul:* oh, there it stay'd!  
 Why shouldst thou not? is not thy soul thine own?  
 Then write again, *Faustus gives to thee his soul.*

Marlowe's powers of compressed dramatic irony can be tremendous. As soon as Faustus has signed, he says '*Consummatum est*' (II. i. 74), the last words of Christ on earth according to St. John. What an insight into the twisted mind of the magician! And what blasphemy! Jesus died that Faustus' soul might live; Faustus flings away this priceless gift for a mess of earthly pottage! But the words are also true in a more literal sense: the good life, the possibility of reaching Heaven, are indeed finished for Faustus.

When, immediately afterward, God's warning '*Homo, fuge!*' appears on Faustus' arm, he—characteristically—affirms the God whom he has just denied and gets into a turmoil of conflicting impulses (II. i. 77-81):

*Homo, fuge!* Whither should I fly?  
If unto God, he'll throw me down to hell.  
My senses are deceiv'd: here's nothing writ:—  
O yes, I see it plain; even here is writ,  
*Homo, fuge!* Yet shall not Faustus fly.

Hence, Faustus consciously and deliberately sets his will against God's. But as he is in this state, Mephistophilis, knowing his victim, says in an aside, 'I'll fetch him somewhat to delight his mind' (II. i. 82). And then to the voluptuary (II. i. 82-90),

*Enter Devils, giving crowns and rich apparel to Faustus.  
They dance, and then depart.*

*Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS.*

*Faust.* What means this show? Speak, Mephistophilis.  
*Meph.* Nothing, Faustus, but to delight thy mind,  
And let thee see what magic can perform.  
*Faust.* But may I raise such spirits when I please?  
*Meph.* Ay, Faustus, and do greater things than these.  
*Faust.* Then, Mephistophilis, receive this scroll,  
A deed of gift of body and of soul . . .

Thus, Mephistophilis deliberately offers Faustus sensual satisfaction in order to distract his mind from spiritual concern—which might, of course, lead to repentance. This pattern is a basic one in the play, and an understanding of it will eventually enable us to interpret truly the Helen of Troy apostrophe. Whenever there is danger (from the Devil's viewpoint) that Faustus will turn to God's mercy, the powers of Hell will deaden their victim's conscience by providing him with some great satisfaction of the senses. But sometimes Faustus will ask for the opiate himself.

In the same scene, Faustus receives a true description of his condition, but cheaply flaunts his disbelief—as though one should deny gravity! Once more it is Mephistophilis who forcefully establishes the eschatology and values (II. i. 128-138):

- Faust.* I think hell's a fable.  
*Meph.* Ay, think so, till experience change thy mind.  
*Faust.* Why, dost thou think that Faustus shall be damn'd?  
*Meph.* Ay, of necessity, for here's the scroll  
 In which thou hast given thy soul to Lucifer.  
*Faust.* Ay, and body too: but what of that?  
 Think'st thou that Faustus is so fond to imagine  
 That, after this life, there is any pain?  
 No, these are trifles and mere old wives' tales.  
*Meph.* But I am instance to prove the contrary;  
 For I tell thee I am damn'd, and now in hell.

And here, again, Marlowe shows the constitution of Faustus's mind. As soon as Mephistophilis has stated that hell with its tortures and damnation do exist, Faustus asks for his customary anodyne for uncomfortable conscience (II. i. 139-156):

- Faust.* Nay, and this be hell, I'll willingly be damn'd:  
 What! sleeping, eating, walking, and disputing!  
 But, leaving this, let me have a wife,  
 The fairest maid in Germany, for I  
 Am wanton and lascivious  
 And cannot live without a wife.  
*Meph.* Well, Faustus, thou shalt have a wife.  
*He fetches in a woman-devil.*  
*Faust.* What sight is this?  
*Meph.* Now, Faustus, wilt thou have a wife?  
*Faust.* Here's a hot whore indeed! No, I'll no wife.  
*Meph.* Marriage is but a ceremonial toy:  
 And if thou lovest me, think no more of it.  
 I'll call thee out the fairest courtesans,  
 And bring them ev'ry morning to thy bed:  
 She whom thine eye shall like, thy heart shall have,  
 Were she as chaste as was Penelope,  
 As wise as Saba, or as beautiful  
 As was bright Lucifer before his fall.

See again Marlowe's compressed irony—Faustus shall have his appetite satisfied by women as beautiful 'as was bright Lucifer before his fall'.

In the next scene (II. ii.), the Devil's agent and Faustus are again together. Faustus is going through another of his struggles between repentance and non-repentance. He blames Mephistophilis for his misery (2-3), but the latter points out that the magician made his choice of his own free-will: "'Twas thine own seeking, Faustus, thank thyself' (4). When Faustus says that he 'will renounce this magic and repent' (11), he himself in a lucid moment recognizes that repentance is still possible. And the Good Angel at once announces also that a true act of contrition followed by God's forgiveness can still occur (12). But continued exercise in sin is robbing Faustus of volition—'My heart is hardened, I cannot

repent' (18). However, this too must be taken as an egocentric conclusion. No sooner does he think of holy things, than the assertion 'Faustus, thou art damn'd' thunders in his ears (19-21). And all kinds of instruments for self-destruction are placed before him (21-3). Then in self-revelation he gives us another sharp insight into his essential make-up (24-5):

And long ere this I should have done the deed,  
Had not sweet pleasure conquer'd deep despair.

As I have pointed out, sensuous pleasure is always Faustus' remedy for spiritual despair. He has had Homer and Orpheus sing for him (25-9). And now the very thought of former pleasure drugs his conscience (31-2):

Why should I die, then, or basely despair?  
I am resolv'd; Faustus shall not repent.

It is instructive to compare Macbeth with Faustus. The former is tremendous in his spiritual agony. But the Faustus who, here and elsewhere, goes through such rapid mental and emotional gyrations is surely conceived of by his creator as of infinitely smaller dimension.

In the latter part of this scene (II. ii.) there is almost a replica of the pattern of the first part of the scene. Mephistophilis tells Faustus: 'thou art damn'd; think thou of hell' (75). And the latter once more characteristically blames Lucifer's servant for his plight: 'Tis thou hast damn'd distressed Faustus' soul' (79). And so once more the protagonist is in spiritual distress. The Good Angel tells him there is still time to repent (82). But the Bad Angel promises, 'If thou repent, devils will tear thee in pieces' (83). (We must remember that the obverse of love of pleasure is fear of pain.) Just as Faustus calls upon his Saviour for help (85-6), Lucifer, Belzebub, and Mephistophilis enter. Lucifer appears menacing and frightening (89):

*Faust.* O, what art thou that look'st so terribly?

And after a few lines of prodding (87-97), the wretchedly irresolute hedonist once more veers and blatantly boasts (99-102):

never to look to heaven,  
Never to name God, or to pray to him,  
To burn his Scriptures, slay his ministers,  
And make my spirits pull his churches down.

Once again the Devil gets Faustus out of his melancholy by providing him with some satisfaction of the senses—the show of the Seven Deadly Sins. Note again Marlowe's dramatic irony (109-111):

That sight will be as pleasant to me,  
As Paradise was to Adam, the first day  
Of his creation.

And after the show, the deluded magician in unconscious irony says (173), 'O, how this sight doth delight my soul.'

In III. i. at the beginning of the anti-papist scene, we have another statement by Faustus of his motivating passion (58-62):

Sweet Mephistophilis, thou pleasest me,  
Whilst I am here on earth, let me be cloy'd  
With all things that delight the heart of man.  
My four-and-twenty years of liberty  
I'll spend in pleasure and in dalliance,

And in IV. v. the Horse-Courser scene, Marlowe shows the protagonist still tormented—but still capable of rapid self-delusion (23-28):

What art thou, Faustus, but a man condemn'd to die?  
Thy fatal time draws to a final end,  
Despair doth drive distrust into my thoughts.  
Confound these passions with a quiet sleep.  
Tush! Christ did call the thief upon the Cross;  
Then rest thee, Faustus, quiet in conceit.

#### IV

In the last act, Marlowe once more returns us forcefully to the serious business of his play. At the very beginning Wagner is struck by the inconsistency of his master's character. The latter has made his will and hence 'means to die shortly' (V. i. 1). But, says the puzzled servant (5-8):

if death were nigh  
He would not frolic thus. He's now at supper  
With the scholars, where there's such belly-cheer  
As Wagner in his life ne'er saw the like.

Thus, through the mouth of another character, the playwright shows us Faustus as still the incorrigible hedonist. The Scholars wish him to show them Helen of Troy. Mephistophilis brings in the peerless dame, and the scholars are ravished. The latter leave—and 'Enter an Old Man'. The latter movingly begs Faustus to give up his wicked life (38-63). Here we have explicit statement that Faustus is still a man (and not a spirit); that he still has 'an amiable soul'; that he is still capable of repentance; that if he does not change his wicked ways, his nature will become incapable of contrition; that by 'checking [his] body' 'he may amend [his] soul'. Faustus's reaction to the Old Man's speech is typical. He utterly despairs, is positive of his damnation, and is about to kill himself with a dagger which Mephistophilis provides (63-7). Thus, in the reverse kind of egotism in which Faustus indulges when he is conscience-stricken, he completely misses the burden of the Old Man's message: no man's sins are too great for God to forgive. But the Old Man cries out for him to stop, tells him that 'precious grace' waits only upon prayer for mercy (68-72). Faustus thanks the Old Man for words that 'comfort my distressed soul'



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and asks to be left alone to ponder his sins (73-5). But the Old Man knows how weak the magician is (76-7):

Faustus, I leave thee; but with grief of heart,  
Fearing the enemy of thy hapless soul.

We soon see that the Old Man was right in his apprehensions. As soon as he has left the stage, Faustus is in the toils (78-81):

Accursed Faustus, where is mercy now?  
I do repent; and yet I do despair:  
Hell strives with grace for conquest in my breast:  
What shall I do to shun the snares of death?

Hell strives against Heaven: despair against repentance. But as soon as Mephistophilis arrests him for disobedience, commands him to deny God, threatens physical pain—'Or I'll in piecemeal tear thy flesh' (82-4)—the weak-willed voluptuary caves in. He 'repents' (*sic!*) that he has offended Lucifer (85), offers of his own volition to confirm with blood his former vow to Lucifer and does so (86-91), and—characteristically blaming another for his treason—brutally begs Mephistophilis to torture the Old Man 'With greatest torments that our (*sic!*) hell affords' (92-4). Is this the superman whom devotees of the Renaissance paint?

Once more we see the familiar pattern operating. Faustus requests the moly which will deaden his spiritual apprehension (98-104):

One thing, good servant, let me crave of thee,  
To glut the longing of my heart's desire,—  
That I may have unto my paramour  
That heavenly Helen which I saw of late,  
Whose sweet embraces may extinguish clean  
Those thoughts that do dissuade me from my vow,  
And keep my oath I made to Lucifer.

Helen appears. Faustus delivers the famous apostrophe, 'Was this the face . . .' and leaves the stage with her. How are we to take these lines? The Old Man has appeared in the midst of them and seen and heard Faustus. He recognizes what is happening, and so should we. For the sake of bodily pleasure, Faustus has given up the last possibility of redemption and embraced Hell. We do not even have to recognize that Helen is a succuba, the devil in female guise, to know what Marlowe wants us to know. That there should be no doubt, the Old Man tells us as soon as Faustus and Helen have left the stage together (127-9):

Accursed Faustus, miserable man,  
That from thy soul exclud'st the grace of Heaven,  
And fliest the throne of his tribunal-seat!

(In the next six lines, Marlowe establishes a strong contrast between the hedonist and the Old Man. The devils come in to torture the latter, but he, strong in his faith, defies their torments.)

The next scene is that of Faustus's going down to Hell (V. 11). The comment of Mephistophilis at its beginning is sharply descriptive (12-16):

Fond worldling, now his heart-blood dries with grief,  
His conscience kills it and his labouring brain  
Begets a world of idle fantasies,  
To over-reach the Devil; but all in vain,  
His store of pleasures must be sauc'd with pain.

And note how admirably Marlowe shows us the kernel of this unstable, foolish worldling. The Second Scholar has asked him to repent, 'God's mercies are infinite' (40). Faustus replies (41-54):

But Faustus' offence can ne'er be pardoned: the serpent that tempted Eve may be saved, but not Faustus. O, gentlemen, hear me with patience, and tremble not at my speeches! Though my heart pant and quiver to remember that I have been a student here these thirty years, O, would I had never seen Wittenberg, never read book! and what wonders I have done, all Germany can witness, yea, all the world; for which Faustus hath lost both Germany and the world; yea, heaven itself, heaven, the seat of God, the throne of the blessed, the kingdom of joy; and must remain in hell for ever—hell, oh, hell for ever! Sweet friends, what shall become of Faustus, being in hell for ever?

One should not pass over lightly the exceedingly dramatic nature of this speech. The quaking Faustus is still the blatant egotist. He *knows* that God cannot pardon him! And in the midst of his self-reproach, lo! the basic vanity leaps forth—'and what wonders I have done, all Germany can witness, yea, all the world'. Critics tend to consider Marlowe capable only of broad effects—erroneously, I believe.

Faustus sums up his situation succinctly: 'for the vain pleasure of four and twenty years hath Faustus lost eternal joy and felicity' (67-8). He gave up higher values for lower. And the burden of the Good and Bad Angels who come on is that for small pleasure the voluptuary has given up great pleasures, for small pleasures he must now endure all the horrible sensory tortures of Hell (103-36). The Bad Angel concludes, 'He that loves pleasure, must for pleasure fall.' Such is the ironic outcome.

But the most trenchant stroke of Marlowe's pervading irony is in the famous last soliloquy. Faustus, too late, begs for time to repent, and in his agony cries out (146), '*O lente, lente currite, noctis equi!*' This is Ovid, *Amores*, I. xiii. 40. Habituated to sensual pleasure, Faustus—begging now for time to save his soul—must perforce use the words of Ovid in his mistress's arms!

My main story is done. I hope I have made my major point, that the Helen of Troy speech is hardly what critics take it to be, an unencumbered pagan pæan. I hope I have shown that in the pattern of the play Helen is a temporary pleasure that costs the protagonist eternal pain. It is worthwhile to examine the lines to Helen more carefully, for they are fraught

with dramatic irony. Faustus himself points out the danger in Helen's beauty. It caused the great Trojan war—and the destruction of man's greatest edifices. Faustus' request, 'Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss', is, of course, blasphemous. On the contrary, it will mean eternal torment; and it will rob him of immortal bliss. When he says, 'Her lips suck forth my soul', he is being literally true. And as he once more kisses her, what an ironic confusion of values there is!

Here will I dwell, for heaven is in these lips  
And all is dross that is not Helena.

Rather, Hell lies in her lips—for the sake of which he has given up Heaven: and Helen is the 'dross' for which he is giving up the 'all'. In the rest of the passage, Marlowe's irony persists—but not so near the surface. There is still a reversal of the normal. Faustus will be Paris (who was defeated) and fight 'weak Menelaus' (who was stronger, actually). Furthermore, Faustus will be like the violator of order (Paris), whereas his opponent (the husband, the symbol of order) will be weak; but in *The Iliad* order wins—and it is bound to win in the play, too. Faustus will wear the colours of Hell on his crest. He will ignominiously fight a weak opponent—and he will wound another in his foot! Helen's beauty is like the night and stars. One remembers:

Had I as many souls as there be stars,  
I'd give them all for Mephistophilis (I. iii. 104-5)

and

as beautiful

As was bright Lucifer before his fall. (II. i. 155-6).

'Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter' suggests the ever-burning flames of Hell—of which we hear much in the next scene. And note the proportion—Helen : Jupiter :: Faustus : 'hapless Semele'. Helen indeed overcomes the hapless Faustus. And note the next proportion—Helen : Jupiter :: Faustus : 'wanton Arethusa'. Wanton Faustus!

## THE GROWTH OF SHAKESPEARE'S VOCABULARY<sup>1</sup>

By ALFRED HART

Collection of the vocabularies of Shakespeare's plays and poems does not assist us very much to an understanding of his magic and artistry in the use of words. Certainly it gives critics one more undeniable fact to add to the many which justify the rejection of the opinion that Marlowe wrote most of our poet's early plays. It is true, of course, that great length and a large vocabulary do not necessarily carry with them high dramatic quality; comparison of 2 *Henry VI* and *Othello*, or *Love's Labour's Lost* and *As You Like It*, or *The Tempest* and *Two Gentlemen* enforces the truth of such an obvious statement. On the other hand, the presence in a play of an unusual number of words peculiar to it generally means some unusual merit.

Estimates, mostly conjectural, of the number of the words used by Shakespeare have been printed at various times, yet for many years guess-work has been unnecessary. From the concordances or, better still, from Schmidt's *Lexicon*, an accurate total could have been gathered, and this total would have gained ready acceptance if the collector had explained how the count had been planned. My own tally is 17,677 words. If we omit the peculiar words present in the non-Shakespearian portions of certain plays, viz. fifty-four in *The Taming of the Shrew*, thirty-two in *Timon of Athens*, fifty in *Pericles* and sixty-one in *Henry VIII*, this total is reduced to 17,480 words. If the 487 words peculiar to the poems are deducted, the total vocabulary of the thirty-seven plays will be 17,190 words, or 16,993 if the 197 words in the alien parts of the four plays named above be subtracted. This total of 17,677 words is of no great importance except as a matter of curiosity; I shall make use of it for the purpose of discovering how many *fresh* words Shakespeare introduced into each of his plays and poems. Moreover, in an age when the iconoclast is abroad and rampantly dogmatic, it may serve as a useful check to mis-statements. Here it is sufficient to say that with an addition of about 2,000 words Shakespeare's vocabulary would be comprehensive enough to serve as a concordance for all Marlowe's, Greene's and Peele's plays and poems.

This total of 17,677 words may be divided into 14,652 main words and 3,025 compound words; thus the main words amount to slightly less than five-sixths and the compound words to a little more than a sixth of the full vocabulary. About a third of the main words and five-sixths of the com-

<sup>1</sup> Owing to the long delays in mails between Australia and this country, the author has not been able to correct proofs of this article.

bined words became part of our speech not earlier than the first year of the sixteenth century; about a fifth of the poet's vocabulary dates after the year 1586. Our greatest dramatist intuitively understood that he must use words current in his own generation; the compilers of the *Oxford English Dictionary* find that he was the first in our literature to use about ten per cent. of the main words present in his works, and ascribe over three-fifths of the combined words to his own invention.

I have divided the poet's complete vocabulary into eleven groups. My classification of a word depends on the frequency of its occurrence in the plays and poems. Thus if a word occurs in only one play or one poem it will belong to the one-play group; a word which is used in two plays, two poems, or a play and a poem takes its place in the two-play group of words, and a word occurring in any three of the poet's works, poems or plays, is placed in the three-play group of words, and so on. All the words not classified in any one of the ten groups so formed will be in the eleventh group, which contains the remainder of the poet's vocabulary.

TABLE III<sup>1</sup>

## CLASSIFICATION OF SHAKESPEARE'S VOCABULARY

I Name of Group	II No. of Main Words	III No. of Com- pounds	IV No. of Words in Group
One-Play . . . .	4,691	2,528	7,219
Two-Play . . . .	1,937	269	2,206
Three-Play . . . .	1,273	73	1,346
Four-Play . . . .	904	32	936
Five-Play . . . .	684	25	709
Six-Play . . . .	511	16	527
Seven-Play . . . .	431	10	441
Eight-Play . . . .	350	10	360
Nine-Play . . . .	328	7	335
Ten-Play . . . .	260	2	262
TOTALS . . . .	11,369	2,972	14,341
Remainder of Vocabulary . . . .	3,283	53	3,336
GRAND TOTAL . . . .	14,652	3,025	17,677

## NOTES ON TABLE III

(i) For the sake of brevity I shall group together the *Sonnets* and *Miscellaneous Poems* and term them *Poems*. There will then be forty plays and

<sup>1</sup> Tables I and II will be found in Mr. Hart's article 'Vocabularies of Shakespeare's Plays' (*R.E.S.*, April, 1943, pp. 128-40).



poems in all, and consequently the list given in the table might be continued until it concluded with a forty-play group. No necessary or useful purpose would be served by collecting the omitted thirty groups; the ten groups for which details are provided contain four-fifths of the poet's vocabulary and include nearly all the less common and more significant words. This eleventh group consists of 3,336 commonly-used words, an undistributed remainder, of which a large proportion will be found in every play and poem.

(ii) One-play main words are unexpectedly numerous, amounting to nearly a third of the main words in the poet's vocabulary; one-play combined words equal slightly more than five-sixths of the compounds present in his works. Together they amount to nearly forty-one per cent. of the entire vocabulary. This seeming domination of one-play or peculiar words over the poet's vocabulary is not noticeable in the separate plays. Even in *Hamlet*, where they provide over ten per cent. of the full vocabulary, they are scattered haphazardly, about three to a thirty-line page, with the result that the 396 present would attract little attention in a play of over 30,000 words. Many of them were words common in every-day speech, others were forcing their way into the language, and over a third made their first appearance in our literature.

(iii) Some one-play words, or words peculiar to one play or one poem, are repeated in this play or poem seemingly without any definite reason, but such repetition is infrequent; less than two hundred occur more than once. Most of those which are used more than twice recur because they are necessary to the plot or the characterization. In the examples cited below, the digit placed in brackets on the right of the word indicates the number of times it was used; this is followed by the name of the play which will recall to scholars the reason or necessity of this repetition. 'Abbess' (5), 'rest' (vb.) (4), (*C. E.*); 'birding' (4), 'buck-basket' (5), 'bully-rook' (4), 'deanery' (4), (*M. W.*); 'Ascension-day' (3), (*John*); 'Danish' (5), 'grave-maker' (3), 'hanger' (3), 'mobled' (3), 'Polack' (5), (*Ham.*); 'cross-gartered' (5), (*T. N.*); 'cauldron' (6), 'equivocator' (3), 'knock' (4), 'weird' (6), (*Mac.*); 'gamut' (4), 'mathematics' (3), (*T. S.*); 'Greekish' (9), (*T. C.*); 'hovel' (4), (*Lear*); 'l'envoy' (14), 'Muscovite' (3), 'pricket' (6), (*L. L. L.*); 'proscription' (4), (*J. C.*); 'Salique' (8), (*H. V.*); 'councillor' (3), 'secretary' (4), (*H. VIII.*); 'sheep-shearing' (5), (*W. T.*); 'wrestler' (7), (*A. Y. L.*)

Two-play words number 2,206; of these 248 are repeated. Repetition may occur in only one of the two plays or in both. 'Boatswain', a late word, occurs once in *Pericles* and five times in *The Tempest*; 'buckram', used as a depreciatory adjective in 2 *Henry VI* is found seven times in 1 *Henry IV*; 'forfeiture', an essential word in *The Merchant of Venice*, recurs in *Timon*; 'hit' (n.), used fancifully once in *Romeo and Juliet*, is found in *Hamlet* in

five speeches. Repetition of a two-play word in each of the two plays is less common; usually the word is necessary to the plot. Some examples are: 'Appellant', 2 *H. VI* (3), *R. II* (3); 'British', *Lear* (3), *Cym.* (3); 'coney-catch' (vb.), *T. S.* (2), *M. W.* (2); 'curate', *L. L. L.* (2), *T. N.* (2); 'discuss', *H. V* (3), *M. W.* (2); 'fin', *Cor.* (2), *Temp.* (3); 'monk', *John* (2), *H. VIII* (4); 'patrician', *Titus* (3), *Cor.* (11); 'shepherdess', *A. Y. L.* (3), *W. T.* (2).

Three-play words present a greater variety in the type of repetition. Of a total of 1,346 such words no fewer than 317 are repeated in one, two or even three plays. Only a small number of the last type are found, and they are usually words necessary to the play. Examples are: 'abbey', *C. E.* (6), *John* (2), *H. VIII* (3); 'barge', *A. C.* (2), *Per.* (2), *H. VIII* (3); 'confessor', *R. 3.* (2), *M. M.* (3), *H. VIII* (4); 'homicide', 1 *H. VI* (2), *R. III* (3), *H. IV* (4); 'Irish', *R. II* (3), 1 *H. IV* (4), *A. Y. L.* (2). It will be noticed that though 'abbey' occurs in only three plays, Shakespeare uses it in eleven passages. Repetition increases with the number of plays in which a word occurs; thus of 441 words in the seven-play group no less than 302 have each at least one play in which the word recurs.

(iv) There is a rapid fall in the totals of the groups, corresponding not quite uniformly to the increase in the number of the plays in the groups. Compounds tend to disappear; there are only fifty-six in the unclassified thirty groups.

Each of the ten groups was collected by itself, and the words of each group were arranged in alphabetical order. By the side of each word were placed the names of the plays and poems in which the word was found. Totals for the number of words in each of the groups are given in the fourth column of the third table. I sub-divided the 7,219 one-play words into forty portions, each of which corresponded to one of the forty plays and poems. Thus an alphabetical list of the one-play words was prepared for each play and poem. Next, I sub-divided the 2,206 two-play words into forty parts, and thus compiled for each play or poem a separate list of two-play words found in that play or poem. By the side of each word were placed the names of the two works of Shakespeare in which this word occurs. Obviously such a word as 'conjunctive', which is used in only *Hamlet* and *Othello*, would appear in the list of two-play words for *Hamlet* and also in the list of two-play words for *Othello*. Similarly, I distributed the 1,346 three-play words, and compiled lists of three-play words for each of the forty plays and poems. Clearly the three-play noun 'consummation', used by Shakespeare in *Hamlet*, *Lear*, and *Cymbeline*, would be included in each of the lists of three-play words prepared for each of these three plays. In each list the names of the three plays or other works of Shakespeare in which the word under consideration is found appear at the

side of the word. By continuing the collection and distribution of words in the groups to which they belong, and by preparing lists for each play and poem in the same way, all the other words could be distributed among the poems and plays, and complete lists for each work of Shakespeare could be prepared. I compiled only four such lists for each of the forty plays and poems; I collected the words present in the other six groups, but did not distribute them. Totals are given in the fourth column of the third table.

At this stage of my examination of Shakespeare's vocabulary I found it was essential to fix for myself a definite chronological order for all the plays and poems. I must decide, for example, in what order *2 Henry VI*, *Venus*, *The Shrew* and *Love's Labour's Lost* must be arranged; the word 'unpolished' occurs in each of these works. Our standard authority on the origin, date and usage of words, *The Oxford English Dictionary*, dates *The Shrew* 1596, and *Love's Labour's Lost* 1588; if I accepted its authority, the order of composition would be *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Venus*, *2 Henry VI*, *The Shrew*. Most modern critics would place *Love's Labour's Lost* in the fourth place. I find the word 'nowhere' in *Merry Wives*, *Lover's Complaint*, *As You Like It*, and *Hamlet*. Scarcely two critics agree in the respective dates to be assigned to these four works. Facts are few and the doubtful internal evidence is variously interpreted. Above I have placed each group in the order which I prefer. After reading much that has been written on a much-vexed problem, I decided to follow, with some modifications, the chronological order suggested by Sir E. K. Chambers.<sup>1</sup> I place *Two Gentlemen* immediately before, and not after *The Shrew*, *Merry Wives* after *Henry V* and before *Julius Caesar*, *Othello* after *Troilus and Cressida*, and *Timon* after *Macbeth* and before *Antony and Cleopatra*. I do not propose to give my reasons for these changes at any length. I consider Shakespeare's part of *The Shrew* more vigorous and mature than *Two Gentlemen*; in addition, the vocabulary of *The Shrew* is much nearer to that of *Love's Labour's Lost* and of *Romeo and Juliet*. *Merry Wives* ought not to be separated from *Henry V* by two years and four plays. The line 'What is the reason that you use me thus?' common to *Merry Wives* Q1, and *Hamlet* Q1, comes from *Hamlet* Q2, but if both plays were on the acting list at the same time, the borrowing does not necessarily infer the priority of *Hamlet* in composition. Moreover, I think that the change of the name 'Brooke' found in *Merry Wives* Q1 to 'Broome' in *Merry Wives* Folio took place just before the play was acted at the Court, 4 November 1604. Less than a year before, George Brooke had been executed and his brother attainted and condemned to death for their share in the mysterious plot to place Arabella Stewart on the throne. Shakespeare's fellows, being His

<sup>1</sup> *William Shakespeare*, Vol. I, pp. 270-1.

Majesty's servants, certainly would not desire to revive unpleasant memories. My reasons for placing *Othello* in 1602 are, first, that a line and a half, some phrases and an unusual compound word, 'Olympus-high', all in *Othello*, are echoed in *Hamlet* Q1 which was entered in the Stationers' Register, 26 July 1602, and, second, that the vocabulary of *Othello* and that of *Hamlet* are closer to each other than is customary.

My lists for each play enabled me to collect the *fresh* words introduced by Shakespeare into that play without very much labour. During my compilation of the lists of words in the two-play, three-play and four-play groups I arranged the names of the plays or poems placed at the side of each word in the order indicated by their respective positions in the chronological order adopted in the first table. Consequently the work of collecting the fresh words in each play was reduced to a minimum.

Reference to the list of Shakespeare's plays and poems in my table shows that I believe 2 *Henry VI* to be the first play written by our dramatist; consequently the 3,146 words in its vocabulary represent the first and by far the largest contribution made by any play to Shakespeare's vocabulary. Among the words of this play are all the pronouns, auxiliary verbs, and the majority of the prepositions and conjunctions used in our speech as well as many interjections. In addition, some nouns, adjectives, verbs and adverbs found in every one of Shakespeare's plays and poems are used for the first time in this play. His next play was 3 *Henry VI*. By collecting simultaneously the vocabularies of the three parts of *Henry VI* on the same sheets I found it was possible during the process of collection to distinguish with suitable marks the words common to each of the three pairs of plays, and also the words common to the three. No less than 1,649 words are common to 2 *Henry VI* and 3 *Henry VI*, and thus the contribution of the 2,790 words of 3 *Henry VI* to Shakespeare's vocabulary amounts to 1,141 words. Therefore the combined vocabulary of these two plays will be obtained by adding these 1,141 words of 3 *Henry VI* to the 3,146 words of 2 *Henry VI*, and it equals 4,287 words. No less than 2,093 words of the 3,014 words in 1 *Henry VI* are found in either the second or the third part of *Henry VI*, and thus only 921 words must be added to the 4,287 words in the combined vocabulary of the earlier plays to form the composite vocabulary of the three plays. Thus, 5,208 words suffice to contain the three vocabularies. *Richard III* comes next in my order of composition; its vocabulary was taken out by itself and contains 3,218 words; word by word examination showed that 824 words were not in any of the three plays on *Henry VI*. Thus I obtained the important result that the composite vocabulary of the York and Lancaster tetralogy, the first four plays written by the poet, contained 6,032 words. This total would be the same whatever was the order of composition of these plays. In this





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TABLE IV.—INFLOW OF FRESH WORDS INTO SHAKESPEARE'S VOCABULARY

Name of Play	No. of Words	One-Play Words	Two-Play Words	Three-Play Words	Four-Play Words	Five-Play Words	Six-Play Words	Seven-Play Words	Eight-Play Words	Nine-Play Words	Ten-Play Words	TOTALS
<i>2 Henry VI.</i>	3,146	157	102	115	123	111	92	98	89	95	84	1,666
<i>3 Henry VI.</i>	2,790	115	68	63	61	70	63	54	59	44	38	1,335
<i>1 Henry VI.</i>	3,240	145	87	93	96	59	56	52	40	39	28	666
<i>Richard III.</i>	3,218	145	94	96	72	64	51	34	34	43	16	640
<i>Comedy of Errors</i>	2,657	84	52	48	40	42	22	20	20	17	13	358
<i>Venus and Adonis</i>	2,657	101	60	42	38	37	22	16	22	16	12	366
<i>Titus Andronicus</i>	2,656	114	70	54	51	28	10	14	10	4	10	369
<i>Rape of Lucrece</i>	2,812	167	68	49	49	42	34	28	12	12	12	471
<i>Two Gentlemen</i>	2,153	74	68	48	44	20	17	16	15	11	7	254
<i>Taming of the Shrew</i>	2,453	150	76	56	34	22	24	15	15	13	5	480
<i>Love's Labour's Lost</i>	2,872	253	102	72	50	33	29	22	12	4	10	587
<i>Romance and Juliet</i>	2,833	199	78	39	35	20	11	12	3	9	4	413
<i>Richard II</i>	2,833	133	56	42	32	20	11	12	3	2	2	313
<i>Midsummer-Night's Dream</i>	2,393	160	66	34	14	18	8	5	4	2	5	340
<i>King John</i>	2,901	140	72	37	36	18	7	7	2	2	6	282
<i>Merchant of Venice</i>	2,571	115	72	37	36	23	12	7	3	2	1	493
<i>1 Henry IV.</i>	3,028	269	95	49	32	13	5	6	5	4	1	445
<i>2 Henry IV.</i>	3,130	245	83	60	32	2	6	2	2	2	1	197
<i>Much Ado About Nothing</i>	3,162	110	38	26	16	9	5	2	2	2	1	406
<i>Perot and Sonnets</i>	3,127	246	77	47	16	2	8	2	2	4	1	366
<i>Merry Wives of Windsor</i>	2,527	213	70	36	15	13	8	7	2	2	1	335
<i>Julius Caesar</i>	2,218	229	57	24	15	6	2	2	1	2	1	136
<i>At You Like It</i>	2,578	70	30	17	9	5	3	1	1	1	1	223
<i>Twelfth Night</i>	2,534	157	37	18	5	4	3	1	1	1	1	231
<i>Hamlet</i>	3,882	396	123	48	13	4	3	4	1	1	1	666
<i>Troilus and Cressida</i>	3,360	302	66	27	9	3	9	4	1	1	1	412
<i>Othello</i>	3,015	222	50	18	7	4	1	2	1	1	1	302
<i>All's Well That Ends Well</i>	2,705	159	39	15	8	1	2	1	1	1	1	224
<i>Measure for Measure</i>	2,669	163	28	9	4	1	1	1	1	1	1	201
<i>King Lear</i>	3,339	346	47	9	4	1	1	1	1	1	1	468
<i>Macbeth</i>	2,652	197	26	3	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	226
<i>Timon of Athens</i>	2,521	138	9	4	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	152
<i>Antony and Cleopatra</i>	3,094	233	35	12	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	281
<i>Coriolanus</i>	3,132	244	32	2	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	280
<i>Pericles</i>	2,442	105	9	3	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	118
<i>Cymbeline</i>	3,260	219	10	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	230
<i>Winter's Tale</i>	2,965	219	10	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	230
<i>The Tempest</i>	2,502	202	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	264
<i>Henry VIII.</i>	2,659	127	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	127
TOTALS		7,219	2,206	1,346	936	799	527	441	360	335	262	14,341

## NOTES ON TABLE IV

(i) One obvious comment is that the table is incomplete and does not classify a very large number of words. No fewer than thirty word-groups, beginning with the eleventh and ending with the fortieth, are omitted from my count. Shakespeare's vocabulary contains 17,677 words of which 14,341 find a place in the table; consequently 3,336 words, equal to nearly a fifth of the whole vocabulary, remain unclassified. How would these 3,336 words be distributed among the poems and plays if the table was completed? From an examination of the totals given for the various plays some definite knowledge of the distribution is obtainable. Position in the chronological order accounts for the large totals of fresh words credited to the poet's first four plays. All the 3,146 words in the vocabulary of 2 *Henry VI* are termed *fresh* for the simple reason that Shakespeare used them for the first time in this play; and the contribution from the vocabulary of his first play to each word-group keeps constant within the limits of reasonable variation. Simultaneously the inpourings from all the other plays and poems are growing smaller, with the result that 2 *Henry VI* furnishes a steadily increasing proportion of the *fresh* words in successive word-groups; this rises from a fiftieth of the peculiar words to nearly a fourth of the eight-play words.

I have already stated that the combined vocabulary of the York and Lancaster tetralogy amounts to 6,032 words. I shall make use of this fact in the following short table. It will be noticed that the sum of the totals given in the third and fourth columns for each play equals the total set out in the second column for that play. This is mere coincidence.

TABLE V  
UNCLASSIFIED WORDS OF SHAKESPEARE'S VOCABULARY

I Name of Play	II <i>Fresh</i> Words added to Shakespeare's Vocabulary	III <i>Fresh</i> Words classified in Table	IV Words Unclassified in Table
2 <i>Henry VI</i> . . .	3,146	1,066	2,080
3 <i>Henry VI</i> . . .	1,141	635	506
1 <i>Henry VI</i> . . .	921	666	255
<i>Richard III</i> . . .	824	649	175
TOTALS . . .	6,032	3,016	3,016
Totals for the other Plays and Poems . . .	11,645	11,325	320
GRAND TOTAL . . .	17,677	14,341	3,336

My totals in the fourth column express two important facts, which supply an answer to the question asked about the distribution of the 3,336 unclassified words.

(a) No fewer than 3,016 of the 3,336 words left undistributed in the previous table were used by Shakespeare for the first time in the York and Lancaster tetralogy. In other words, ten-elevenths of the more common words of his vocabulary appear for the first time in his four early plays, or precisely where we should expect to find them.

(b) Only 320 words are left for distribution among the remaining thirty-three plays and the poems which Shakespeare wrote after *Richard III*. This result is extraordinary and unexpected. Examination of the totals set out in Table IV shows that the poems and thirty-three plays contribute 613 of 936 four-play words, 405 of 709 five-play words, 265 of 527 six-play words, 203 of 441 seven-play words, 138 of 360 eight-play words, 114 of 335 nine-play words and ninety-six of 262 ten-play words. This decline in the number of *fresh* words will continue progressively as the number of plays in successive word-groups increases. Even if a dozen more groups had been added to the table, some of the 320 words would be still uncounted and unclassified. Thus the verb *mend* was first used in *Comedy of Errors* and afterwards in twenty-nine later plays and poems; the noun 'ass', another *fresh* word in the same play, is found in twenty-eight of the remaining thirty-three plays. The noun 'monster' appears first in *The Taming of the Shrew* and recurs in twenty-four later plays and a poem, whilst the noun 'difference' makes its Shakespearian début in *Two Gentlemen* and is repeated in twenty-two subsequent plays. In general, unless the position of a play in the chronological order makes impossible any contribution of words, it cannot be assumed that any play has ceased to supply them to a complete table merely because no words occur in the last columns of my incomplete table. Thus *The Merry Wives* has nothing in the columns for the eight-play words, two nine-play words and no ten-play word, yet 'baseness', a noun freely used in the second half of the sixteenth century, was first employed by the poet in this play, and subsequently in twelve later plays. It belongs to the thirteen-play group.

(ii) When the table is completed, the 6,032 words in the composite vocabulary of *Richard III* and the three parts of *Henry VI* could be distributed among these four plays, and the *fresh* words subdivided among the remaining plays and poems would number 11,645. Among these would be 6,657 one-play words; this means that words peculiar to these plays and poems equal nearly three-fifths of the total left for distribution. Each of these peculiar words was used in only one play or poem and was then discarded or at any rate remained unused by the poet. This continuous inflow of fresh words into each play, followed, as it was, by their immediate

disuse, is the true source of the perennial vitality and vividness of Shakespeare's diction. In this way he did not stale his infinite variety.

(iii) From the table we can obtain the exact number of words in his vocabulary before he commenced the composition of any one of his last ten plays. Suppose we wish to discover the size of his vocabulary before he wrote *Lear*, the first in order of these ten plays. We must deduct from the poet's vocabulary of 17,677 words the sum total of the *fresh* words in these ten plays, viz. 2,256, and thus we obtain 15,421 words as his vocabulary when he had completed *Measure for Measure*. To find the pre-*Hamlet* vocabulary we must take from 17,677 the sum of the totals in the last column of the table from *Hamlet* to *Henry VIII*, both inclusive, viz. 4,002, and we learn that Shakespeare had collected 13,675 words by the time he had written *Twelfth Night*, and 14,281 words before he began *Troilus and Cressida*. These results are accurate within very narrow limits. Proceeding in precisely the same way we get 10,823 words as the size of the poet's vocabulary before he began 1 *Henry IV*. This result may be out by twenty or thirty words. Since the composite vocabulary of the York and Lancaster tetralogy contains 6,032 words, we may reasonably assert that Shakespeare added about 4,791 words to his stock during the writing of the twelve plays from *Comedy of Errors* to *The Merchant of Venice*, both inclusive.

(iv) Exact details of the numbers of *fresh* words in each of the four early plays are given in Table V; and in Table IV we have similar totals for each of the ten plays beginning with *Lear*. My fourth table takes in all the ten-play words used by Shakespeare, and consequently *Lear* is the last play that could possibly have such a word. No exact total of the *fresh* words in any one of the remaining twenty-six plays and poems is obtainable until the 320 unclassified *fresh* words are distributed among these twenty-six plays. Excellent reasons can be offered, however, for the statement that nearly every one of these unclassified *fresh* words was used for the first time in one or other of the twelve plays and poems written after *Richard III*. When the respective totals for the first four plays are excluded, the remaining plays and poems provide 138 eight-play words, 114 nine-play words and 96 ten-play words. In the twelve plays and poems from *The Comedy of Errors* to *The Merchant of Venice*, both inclusive, there are 126 of the 138 eight-play words, ninety-nine of the 114 nine-play words and ninety-two of the ninety-six ten-play words. Thus remain twelve, fifteen and four words as the respective contributions to these three-word groups from the twenty-four plays from 1 *Henry IV* to *Henry VIII*. We can see what is happening from a study of the results given for the thirteen plays commencing with *Othello*. Theoretically this play might have contributed to each word-group up to that which contains *fresh* words present in thirteen plays; actually neither it nor any one of the dozen plays written

after it has one *fresh* word which is used in more than five later plays. Even in *Hamlet*, *Troilus and Cressida*, and *Lear*, three plays with the richest and most copious vocabularies, only an odd word or two recur in more than six later plays.

(v) We learn from Table V that 2,080 words, or more than sixty per cent. of the 3,336 unclassified words, come from 2 *Henry VI*, which I assume was Shakespeare's first play. It is the only play which has a substantial number of words in each of the forty word-groups. Peculiar words in this play are below the average for the poems and plays, but owing to its position in the chronological order of the plays, 2 *Henry VI* provides a steadily increasing percentage of the total words in each group as the number of plays increases. Almost a third of the ten-play words come from it; this proportion continues to grow larger until this one play furnishes all the 324 words common to every play and poem and all the words in the previous word-group. These may be termed Shakespeare's *basic* words, and consist of the pronouns, auxiliary verbs and nearly all the prepositions and conjunctions; in addition they include some very common nouns, adjectives, verbs, adverbs and interjections.

(vi) Position of a play in the chronological order is the main factor in determining the number of *fresh* words in that play; this is true especially of the first ten plays and poems. After *The Merchant of Venice* the number of one-play words becomes of increasing importance. In 1 *Henry IV* they equal nearly a half, in *Hamlet* two-thirds, in *Lear* seven-eighths respectively of the previously unused words; *Henry VIII* has, and can have, no other *fresh* words. Length, size of vocabulary, and the dramatic and poetic quality are each of some importance. Comedy keeps her diction close to every-day speech, and does not, in general, use *fresh* words as freely as tragedy or the chronicle play. Anomalies occur in successive plays which seem to contradict this statement. *Love's Labour's Lost*, a comedy, is much shorter than *Romeo and Juliet*, an early tragedy, and has a slightly smaller vocabulary, yet it introduces 170 words more into the poet's vocabulary. *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* has almost as many previously unused words as *King John*, although both the length and the vocabulary of the latter play greatly exceed those of the preceding comedy. In writing *Love's Labour's Lost* Shakespeare seems to have resolved to renew in part his existing stock of words; over twenty-one per cent. of the vocabulary consists of fresh words. Both *Richard II* and *King John* are entirely in verse, and their large vocabularies still show the influence of the four early chronicle plays. The five plays after *Love's Labour's Lost* show a gradual fall in the number of *fresh* words brought in by successive plays, when suddenly another bounteous crop of virile words blossomed in the first part of *Henry IV*, and an equal profusion graced the second part. In

*Henry V* we note some falling off, and this continues until *Twelfth Night*. In that singular tragedy, *Julius Caesar*, the upwelling spring of the poet's plenty seems to have dried up, but the drought may have been intentional. *Hamlet* is the supreme example of Shakespeare's delight in and command of *fresh* and forceful words. By this time he had written twenty-two plays and all his poems, and could draw upon a vocabulary of 13,675 words, yet to this enormous stock he added another 606 words, all previously unused. How deep and apparently inexhaustible were the wells of his memory and invention, and how marvellous his aptitude for word-coining, will be evident from the addition of 302 peculiar words in writing *Troilus and Cressida*. Three or four years afterwards we find that the vocabulary of *King Lear* has a slightly higher proportion of one-play words than we find in *Hamlet*. The low totals of *fresh* words present in *Timon*, *Pericles*, and *Henry VIII* suggest that each must be only in part Shakespeare's. This conclusion is strengthened when we notice that each of the other plays written after *King Lear* has a very high number of peculiar words; this statement holds true for *Macbeth* and *The Tempest*, two plays much shorter than either *Timon* or *Pericles*. Of some interest is the very close agreement in the number of both peculiar and *fresh* words present in pairs of plays written in close sequence such as 1 *Henry IV* and 2 *Henry IV*, *As You Like It* and *Twelfth Night*, *All's Well* and *Measure for Measure*, *Antony and Cleopatra* and *Coriolanus*, and *Cymbeline* and *Winter's Tale*. This similarity helps to confirm impressions relating to position in the canon based on æsthetic considerations.



## THE INFLUENCE OF CALVINISTIC THOUGHT IN TOURNEUR'S *ATHEIST'S TRAGEDY*

BY MICHAEL H. HIGGINS

*The Atheist's Tragedy*, the only extant dramatic work to be ascribed with absolute certainty to Cyril Tournear, belongs in spirit and matter to the group of Revenge plays which include *Hamlet*, *Antonio and Mellida*, *The Revenge of Bussy d'Ambois*, and *Cæsar and Pompey*. These plays are peopled by Machiavellians, stoics, tyrants and persecuted subjects. They contrast types of chastity and licence, types of uncontrolled passion and of submission to reason. Each dramatist fashions this rich and complex psychological material according to the needs of a particular dramatic situation, or according to his own vision of truth. Thus the stoic strain in Andrugio and Pandulpho gives dignity to pictures of persecuted innocence; in Cato and in Clermont d'Ambois it broadens to the full statement of a new political and philosophical doctrine; in Lear, Hamlet, and Othello stoicism supplies arguments of philosophical patience to men visited with fits of passion or beset by evil influences; while in Charlemont we see the return of the philosopher-hero to a drama, the intention of which is once again religious and didactic. The first experiment in a stoic situation had been made in the plays of Buchanan, Christopherson and the 'Sacred Seneca'. Tournear's play is in the popular tradition, but it illustrates a theological dogma, the secret providence of God. In language, in thought and in moral conception *The Atheist's Tragedy* falls within the calvinistic scheme.<sup>1</sup> It is this strong conviction of the truth of Calvin's estimate of the vast majority of humanity and of its probable destiny that creates so vivid a sense of horror and nausea in the plays of Marston and Tournear. I do not assert that they were calvinists, but I find it difficult to believe that they did not write under the influence of predominantly calvinistic ideas.

For more than fifty years the forbidding theology and perverted human values of Calvin had been swaying the hearts and minds of men, profoundly changing their beliefs about the action of God and the duties of man, and carrying its influence far and wide into the economic and social life of the time. It would be strange indeed if at a time when the new religion had come fresh from the brain of its creator, if, when it was at the

<sup>1</sup> I cannot agree here with Miss Una Ellis-Fermor's view that Tournear's universe is 'denuded of spiritual significance'; *The Atheist's Tragedy* seems to me to develop a very decided view of the spiritual world; the gloomy, sadistic, and logical universe which is revealed for us in Calvin's *Christian Institutions*.

full strength of its influence, we found no records of that immensely powerful and gloomy force in contemporary imaginative literature. Calvin's *Christian Institutions* was the subject of bitter controversy and dispute everywhere. No country was untouched by the new opinions. The Scots and the French seized upon the logicity of the reformer's system, the former making it the groundwork of their passion for theological disputation, the latter an outlet for the new spirit of intellectual inquiry. The English viewed Calvinism through the medium of their powerful imagination, contemplating the action of a Divine Omnipotence in *Paradise Lost* and following the mortal career of a soul elected to predestined felicity in *Pilgrim's Progress*. The national imagination contemplated death with a new terror, and men as far apart in time and character as Cromwell and Cowper could reflect how fearful a thing 'it is to fall into the hands of the living God'. What we can distinctly trace in *The Atheist's Tragedy* is the influence of a view of life and of a set of human and divine values which seem to be intimately connected with calvinism, influences which may also have created the harsh and melancholy view of humanity which is disclosed in Marston's tragedies.

It is Calvin's reiterated teaching of the utter depravity of human nature that seized so completely the puritan imagination and intellect. He gave to this view of humanity the peculiarly manichæan<sup>1</sup> colouring which has proved a permanent attraction to the European mind. For Calvin bodily things were not simply indifferent as they were to the orthodox stoic. They were inherently evil. The normal appetites and affections of the human body are an object of disgust and horror; they symbolize not the divine pleasure in the created universe, but the deep-seated corruption and depravity of human nature. It may be argued that mediæval asceticism often seems to teach the same thing. But it must be remembered that throughout the Middle Ages the spiritual life of Europe had been fenced by a system of sacramental grace. Calvinism broke down in many men's minds this faith in the efficacy of baptism and of the sacrament of penance. The destruction of the Confessional changed the emotional life of Europe, creating a type of piety, austere, self-reliant, and confident in its election to eternal salvation, and at the same time leading to a greater sense of the wickedness and abandonment to Satan of the majority. While the stoics believed that the universe was rational, deeming evil conduct a departure from rational conduct, the calvinists introduced into European thought a new conception of physical sin as an active and powerful force in the world, existing by divine will,<sup>2</sup> used by God to work out His eternal

<sup>1</sup> 'All concupiscences of men are evil and guilty of sinne, not insomuch as they are natural, but because they are all inordinate by reason of the corruption of nature.' (*Institutions*, Bk. iii., Cap. 3.)

<sup>2</sup> See R. N. C. Hunt's *Calvin*, chap. vi, for an account of this.

purpose and driving the majority of mankind to eternal punishment. The indulgence in physical sin is especially hateful, and the powerful horror it inspired supplies imagery to some of Tourneur's most glorious poetry:

And that Bawde  
The skie, there; she could shut the windowes and  
The doors of this great chamber of the world;  
And draw the curtaines of the clouds betweene  
Those lights and me about this bed of earth,  
When that same Strumpet Murder and my selfe  
Committed sin together.<sup>1</sup>

Allied with this fear of the sexual appetites there is also the hatred of wine.<sup>2</sup> Since the chances of escaping eternal punishment had become so much slighter, and the previous means of salvation had been taken out of men's reach, a new and vivid apprehension of the terrors of death made itself felt. Among the Elect a sense of the divine favour and of their exclusive claim to salvation made for a greater constancy and fortitude and an increasing separation from the world of ordinary men. There appeared a sharper distinction between the good and the bad which is reflected for us in numberless puritan tracts and in a great mass of imaginative literature, particularly in France and England. It expressed itself naturally in a sort of disgust at what might loosely be called 'natural' man, that is that part of humanity which rejected the manichæan restrictions on the use of the senses, and continued to lead a 'normal' life. It is this particular moral atmosphere, which we usually describe as 'puritan' and which is closely connected with Calvinism, that fills the plays of Marston and Tourneur with a disgust and nausea for the physical sins, even the physical life, of humanity. Both dramatists are haunted in almost every line they write by the thought of sin as a canker or poisonous essence in humanity.

The explanations hitherto offered for the melancholia and pessimism of Jacobean writers have traced this spirit to purely intellectual or social origins. It is true that the Jacobean age was less ample and less glorious than the Elizabethan; no new intellectual equilibrium had been attained in Europe, no universally accepted standards of moral judgment had been established to replace those which the Renaissance and the Reformation had undermined. But the change here in the plays of Marston and Tourneur is in the value which is attached to humanity itself. Viewed logically, Marston and Tourneur both despair of the main part of humanity. Man is beyond redemption, 'too subtile for honest natures to converse withall'. Words do not suffice to describe his frailty and moral perversity.

The bulke of man as dark as Erebus  
No branch of Reason's light hangs in his trunk.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Atheist's Tragedy*, IV, iii.

<sup>2</sup> *Atheist's*, *Tragedy*, V, ii.

<sup>3</sup> *Antonio's Revenge*, I, iv.

And again:

The curse of heaven raines  
In plagues unlimitted through all his daies.  
His mature age growes onley mature vice,  
And ripe only to corrupt and rot  
The budding hopes of infant modestie.  
Still striving to be more than man, he prooves  
More than a divill, divillish suspect, divilish creultie:  
All hell-strain'd juyce is powred to his vaines,  
Making him drunk with fuming surquedries,  
Contempt of heaven, untam'd arrogance,  
Lust, state, pride, murder . . .<sup>1</sup>

Mankind is 'Vermine bred of putrefacted slime'.<sup>2</sup> Nor is Tourneur more encouraging about the plight of humanity. The majority of his characters, like Marston's, are villains, rogues and hypocrites; the purity of Charlemont 'Professes a divine contempt o' the world'<sup>3</sup> as absolute as that of an elected soul certified of the divine favour. The world itself is composed for the most part of characters like d'Amville, Borachio, Levidulcia, Snuffe and their sort. Men and women are infected with the incurable disease of sin. D'Amville is an intellectual synthesis of all the imagined evil available to the Jacobean mind. He embodies the wild charges levelled by the Huguenot Gentillet against Machiavelli. An epicure in the 17th century sense of the word, he believes that

All the purposes of man  
Aim but at one of these two ends, pleasure or profit.<sup>4</sup>

He is read in 'Nature and her large philosophy',<sup>5</sup> and the lessons he has drawn from this study are hedonistic in the extreme. He numbers among his offences murder, attempted incest, extreme avarice and treachery. But his principal wickedness is his denial of the existence of God.<sup>6</sup> The contrast between d'Amville's atheism and Charlemont's pious faith in divine providence forms the dramatic pattern of the play; it is thus a theological and moral treatise designed to prove that God uses vessels of wrath to punish sins,<sup>7</sup> and that vengeance for crimes committed belongs to Him alone:

*D'Amville:* What murderer was hee that lifted up my hand against my head?

*Judge:* None but yourself, my lord.

*D'Amville:* I thought he was a murderer that did it.

*Judge:* God forbid.

*D'Amville:* Forbid. You lie Judge. He commanded it . . .

• Yond power that strucke me, knew the judgement I deserved, and gave it.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Antonio's Revenge*, III, ii.

<sup>2</sup> *Atheist's Tragedy*, I, iv.

<sup>3</sup> *Atheist's Tragedy*, I, i.

<sup>4</sup> *Atheist's Tragedy*, IV, iii.

<sup>5</sup> *Atheist's Tragedy*, IV, iii.

<sup>6</sup> 'God by holding Satan fast bound in His providence, turns him whithersoever He will,

and thus applies the great enemies devices and attempts to the accomplishment of his own eternal purposes.' (Calvin's *Secret Providence of God*.)

<sup>7</sup> *Atheist's Tragedy*, V, ii.

<sup>8</sup> *Antonio's Revenge*, IV, iv.

<sup>9</sup> *Atheist's Tragedy*, IV, iii.

<sup>10</sup> *Atheist's Tragedy*, IV, iii.

*The Atheist's Tragedy* is a play about the retributive justice of God. It preaches the need for Christian patience in tribulation. Man is either wholly evil, intent on his own destruction, or his virtues separate him sharply from his fellow-men. The evil are especially haunted by the fear of death.

For the thought  
Of death is a most fearful torment, is it not?<sup>1</sup>

And again:

O the sense of death  
Begins to trouble my distracted soule.<sup>2</sup>

A fear which increases as Tourneur turns the pitiless light of calvinistic moral judgment on a corrupt and condemned humanity. His characters are hateful and unreal<sup>3</sup> because they are unloved by their creator. Nowhere is the puritan bias of Marston's and Tourneur's judgments more surely revealed than in their depiction of sin and vice. The conduct of the ungodly attracted as well as appalled them.

The purity of Castabella and the pious resignation of Charlemont throw into sharper relief the black shapes of villainy and sin which surround them. In Charlemont we see the stoic virtues of resignation, patience, indifference to ills, contempt of death joined to the meditative habit of the philosopher-hero. We watch the strengthening of this inner spiritual certainty of his till his final justification in the last act. He is possessed of a heart

Above the reach  
Of thy most violent maliciousnesse  
A fortitude in scorne of thy contempt.<sup>4</sup>

In essence Charlemont differs from all his predecessors and contemporaries. He is not a classical stoic as Clermont d'Ambois is, nor is he a stoic 'lapsed in passion' as Othello, or a stoic in coolness of temperament as Brutus is. He is the foil, not to a hero of passion and violence as Pandulpho is the foil to Antonio, but to the central study of materialistic self-sufficiency and egotism in d'Amville. Charlemont is never 'All in all sufficient'; his faith is not the pantheistic faith of Clermont or Cato, an accurate presentation of the philosophy of Seneca and Epictetus. Clermont refuses revenge because it is unreasonable:

Shall we revenge a villanie with a villanie  
... Naught that is  
Approved by reason can be cowardice.<sup>5</sup>

Charlemont's patience is an expression of his confidence in the immutable decrees of God:

For all my wrongs I thank thee gracious Heav'n  
Th'ast made me satisfaction; to reserve  
Me for this blessed purpose.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Atheist's Tragedy*, V, ii.

<sup>2</sup> Except for the Shakespearian Sebastian.

<sup>3</sup> *Revenge of Bussy d'Ambois*, III, i.

<sup>4</sup> *Atheist's Tragedy*, V, i.

<sup>5</sup> *Atheist's Tragedy*, III, ii.

<sup>6</sup> *Atheist's Tragedy*, IV, iii.

The inner conflict of his spirit is not the conflict between passion and reason. Rather do doubt, passion and despair strive to overcome his faith in the justice of God:

How torment swells  
Thy apprehension with prophane conceit  
Against the sacred justice of thy God!  
Our own constructions are the authors of  
Our miseries. We never measure our  
Conditions but with men above us in Estate.<sup>1</sup>

The religious conception changes the whole atmosphere of this *Revenge Tragedy*. The ghost no longer demands revenge, it no longer comes to chide the tardy human agent of divine vengeance but to announce the imminence of divine retribution; it counsels patience, forbidding Charlemont the ancient right to seek revenge for his father's murder:

S Let Him revenge my murder, and thy wrongs  
To whom the justice of revenge belongs.<sup>2</sup>

The God who is revealed in *The Atheist's Tragedy* is a Divinity to whom it belongs justly to punish sinners. Nor do the wicked repent:

Thus I seale it with a death  
As full of horrors as my life of sinne.<sup>3</sup>

They are simply brought to recognize the fact of divine justice and then to perish:

But yond power that stricke me, knew  
The judgement I deserv'd; and gave it—O!  
The lust of Death commits a rape upon me  
As I would ha' done on Castabella.<sup>4</sup>

Most significant of all is the emphasis on the material blessings which follow virtuous living and are the seal of divine approval:

Instead of Charlemont that but e'en now  
Stood readie to be dispossessed of all;  
I now salute you with more titles, both  
Of wealth and dignity than you were borne to.  
And you (sweet Madame) Lady of Belforest  
You have that title by your father's death.<sup>5</sup>

It is in the moment of human pride that d'Amville is visited by the Divine vengeance:

Thus while the simple honest worshipper  
Of a phantastique providence grones under  
The burthen of neglected miserie;  
My real wisdom has raised up a state,  
That shall eternize my posterity.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Atheist's Tragedy*, III, iii.

<sup>3</sup> *Atheist's Tragedy*, IV, v.

<sup>5</sup> *Atheist's Tragedy*, V, ii.

<sup>2</sup> *Atheist's Tragedy*, III, ii.

<sup>4</sup> *Atheist's Tragedy*, V, ii.

<sup>6</sup> *Atheist's Tragedy*, V, i.



Immediately on this d'Amville learns of the death of his two sons, 'his posterity'. Neither gold nor physic can restore to life the dead bodies, and the frantic man demands judgment of the human court which is trying Charlemont for the murder of Borachio. The familiar stoic attitude of resolution in the face of death is thus introduced in a novel form.

*D'Amville:* Uncivill Boy

Thou wants't humanity to smile at grief.  
Why dost thou cast a chearefull eye upon  
The object of my sorrow? My dead sonnes?

*Judge:* O good my lord! Let charity forbear  
To vex the spirit of a dying man.  
A chearefull eye upon the face of Death:  
Is the true countenance of a noble mind.  
For honour's sake (my lord) molest it not.

*D'Amville:* Yare all uncivill. O i't not enough  
That hee unjustly hath conspired with Fate,  
To cut off my posteritie for him  
To be the heir to my possessions; but  
He must pursue me with his presence; and  
In the ostentation of his joy  
Laugh in my face, and glory in my grief?

*Charl.:* D'Amville! to show thee with what high respect,  
I value Death and thy insulting pride:  
Thus like a warlike navie on the sea,  
Bound for the conquest of some wealthie land,  
Pass'd through the stormie troubles of this life,  
And now arrived upon the armed coast;  
In expectation of the victorie,  
Whose honour lies beyond this exigent;  
Through mortall danger with an active spirit,  
Thus I aspire to undergoe my death.<sup>1</sup>

What d'Amville has thought to be 'real' has become of no avail, what he has thought 'phantastic' has assumed such a material reality that he now requires to learn its secret by means of chemical analysis.

I would finde out by his Anatomie;  
What thing there is in Nature more exact,  
Then in the constitution of my selfe.  
Me thinks, my parts, and my dimention, are  
As many, as large, as well compos'd as his;  
And yet in me the resolution wants,  
To die with that assurance as he does.  
The cause of that, in his Anatomie  
I would finde out.

He admits for all his learning he is

still to seeke

From whence the peace of conscience should proceede.

*Charl.:* The peace of conscience rises in itselfe.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Atheist's Tragedy*, V, ii.

<sup>2</sup> *Atheist's Tragedy*, V, ii.

As in the Latin plays of the earlier humanists, the resolution, 'the cheerful eye upon the face of death' of Charlemont and Castabella is not the archaic revival of a long-forgotten and half-buried philosophy, nor is it a reconstruction of classical custom and manners. Charlemont and Castabella are types of calvinistic piety. They act rightly because they believe rightly. Their stoicism is the seal of the Divine approval. D'Amville has an 'aspen soul' because his religious beliefs are erroneous. Philosophically considered, the argument of *The Atheist's Tragedy* is concerned with what constitutes reality, and Tourneur in the trial scene of the fifth act adapts the most famous of all the stoic situations, courageous dying, to prove the 'reality' of spirit as opposed to the 'phantasy' of materialism.

## THOMAS WARTON'S MISCELLANY: *THE UNION*<sup>1</sup>

By D. NICHOL SMITH

Of the minor Miscellanies of the eighteenth century *The Union: or Select Scots and English Poems* was one of the most successful, and may be to us the most interesting. Published nominally at Edinburgh in 1753, it was republished at London in 1759, 1766, and 1796, and at Dublin in 1761. Advertisements in *Jackson's Oxford Journal*<sup>2</sup> describe it as being 'universally esteemed the most elegant Collection of Poems in the Scots and English Languages'. It got its name, as the Preface shows, from 'the Intermixture' which afforded 'an opportunity of forming a comparison and estimate of the taste and genius of the two different nations, in their poetical compositions'.

It is said in the Preface to have been 'made under the immediate inspection and conduct of several very ingenious gentlemen', but that Thomas Warton was mainly responsible for it has been accepted since the sketch of his life by Richard Mant was prefixed to his poetical works in 1802. Warton had a liking for mystery; even his erudite *History of English Poetry* provides unfortunate evidence of that; and the innocent mystery in which the original edition of *The Union* was involved has long persisted. It was not modesty which induced this young fellow of Trinity College, aged twenty-five, to conceal his part in the publication, and even to attribute two of his own poems to 'a late member of the university of Aberdeen, whose modesty would not permit us to print his name'. Not content with this disguise, he decided on a fictitious imprint: 'Edinburgh: Printed for Archibald Monro & David Murray. M.DCC.LIII'. No printer or bookseller called 'Archibald Monro' or 'David Murray' is to be found in Bushnell's *Dictionary of Scottish Printers, Booksellers and Bookbinders*, 1726-1775, or in the records of that time in the National Library of Scotland. It was a good name for an Oxford wit to devise for an Edinburgh firm, and is not known to have aroused suspicion, not even in Edinburgh, where the book does not appear to have attracted any attention. It was not advertised in the Edinburgh newspapers, and was included in the list of new publications in *The Scots Magazine* for May 1753 only because the list was copied from *The Gentleman's Magazine* for the same month. There the publisher is said to be 'Baldwin'—i.e. R. Baldwin, of Paternoster Row. That Baldwin was responsible for putting the book on the market is

<sup>1</sup> A paper read on 5 December 1942 to the Oxford Bibliographical Society in the Bodleian Library.

<sup>2</sup> E.g. for 12 January 1760, 12 July 1766, and 9 January 1773.

confirmed by the advertisement in *The Public Advertiser* for 3 May 1753, where the simple title of the book is supplemented by a rough list of the contents:

*This day is published, Price 2s. sewed,*

THE UNION; or, Select Scotch and English POEMS, by several Hands; more particularly by Dunbar, Lowth, Shipley, Collins, Grey, Mason, Thomas and Joseph Warton, Hammond, Mallet, Lyndesay and Akenside; with some Originals.

Edinburgh printed; sold by R. Baldwin, at the Rose in Paternoster Row, London, and by all the Booksellers in North and South Britain.

Whereas the title-page says that the book was printed for an Edinburgh firm, the advertisement substitutes the new fiction that it was printed at Edinburgh. It was printed, as it was planned, at Oxford.

The secret was not worth guarding once London became the acknowledged place of publication, but it cannot have been known to many when Thomas Park wrote this note in his copy:

Mr. Mant, in his life of Warton, says that the 'Union' appeared at *Edinburgh* in 1753. (p. xxiv) I was informed, however, by Dr. Warton, that this first edition was actually printed at *Oxford*, and that he and his brother were principally concerned in conducting the publication.

The accuracy of this note need not be questioned.<sup>1</sup>

The same deception is found in a little volume which had appeared two years previously—*The English Poems collected from the Oxford and Cambridge Verses on the Death of His Royal Highness Frederick Prince of Wales*. These poems are taken from *Epicedia Oxoniensia in Obitum celsissimi et desideratissimi Frederici Principis Walliæ* and *Academiæ Cantabrigiensis Luctus in Obitum Frederici celsissimi Walliæ Principis*—official publications in which, according to a custom that had prevailed since the Restoration but was soon to cease, the universities proclaimed their attachment to the Throne. To be fully representative of the talent of the universities, the contributors to these demonstrations of sound learning and loyalty ranged from young graduates, and even undergraduates, to professors and the vice-chancellor; and while most of the poems were in Latin, and some in other languages which were studied in the universities, many were in English, and the number of these had been steadily mounting. Oxford and Cambridge together produced seventy English poems on the death of the

<sup>1</sup> This copy, now in the possession of the present writer, contains another note, in the same writing: 'This first Edition is rather uncommon. Dr. Warton was very solicitous to procure a Copy, and gave a special commission to Jeffery for that purpose.' Edward Jeffery was a London bookseller in Warwick Street and afterwards in Pall Mall: see Nichols, *Literary Anecdotes*, iii. 645. Joseph Warton, who died in 1800, was commonly distinguished from his brother by the title 'Doctor'.

Prince of Wales. (And who said that the universities were idle in the eighteenth century?) The inducement to reprint them by themselves in an unauthorised duodecimo is now far from obvious; but though the venture has the appearance of having been serious, for there is nothing in the body of the book to suggest that it was not, the collector or contriver—he can hardly be called the editor—showed his hand in the title-page.<sup>1</sup> The imprint says 'Edinburgh: Printed for Hamilton Bruce, MDCCLI'. Why a collection of Oxford and Cambridge poems should be taken to Edinburgh for publication we might well wonder. But it was not published at Edinburgh. 'Hamilton Bruce' is as much an Oxford fiction as 'Monro and Murray'. Warton followed the lead of another young Oxford man, a friend whose wit and 'mira festivitas' he was afterwards to commemorate—Bonnell Thornton.

From the same source—a note in a copy<sup>2</sup> of *English Poems*,—we also learn who was its printer. Below the imprint is written—'Oxford: Printed by Bonnel Thornton's orders by Jackson'. When the book is compared with the first numbers of *Jackson's Oxford Journal*, which began on 5 May 1753, its ornaments and type are found to reappear in them. That *The Union* was likewise printed by Jackson is not so certain. It contains no ornaments, and though the same kind of type is used as in *English Poems* the setting of the page shows a different craftsmanship. The mixture of founts in the 'drop' capitals suggests a smaller printing house. *The Union* appeared on 3 May 1753 when Jackson was getting busy with his *Journal*, and it may have been handed over to another Oxford printer.

But the first book to include both the 'Elegy written in a Country Church Yard' and Collins's 'Ode to Evening' is much more than a bibliographical curiosity. *The Union* may have been collected hastily and light-heartedly, but it represents the taste of a young scholar who took a discriminating pleasure in the poetry of his contemporaries, and himself exemplified the new trend; and it likewise represents the nascent interests which in time were to make him the first historian of our poetry. Along with pieces which had just appeared, or had not hitherto appeared, he gives passages from the older Scottish poets whom he was only beginning to know. Occasionally he relaxes and caters for less serious readers; the 'several very ingenious gentlemen' under whose inspection the book was made may have encouraged the variety of its contents.

Altogether there are thirty-one pieces. When we enquire into their sources we may as well follow the lead given by the Preface: 'Our chief

<sup>1</sup> The only other place where he showed it is in the mock advertisement at the conclusion:—'*In the Press*, \*•\* Northern Memoirs, calculated for the Meridian of Scotland; wherein all of the Cities, Citadels, Sea-Ports, Castles, Forts, Fortresses, Rivers and Rivulets are compendiously described'.

<sup>2</sup> Also owned by the present writer, who is indebted to Mr. Strickland Gibson for the corroborative evidence that the book was printed by Jackson.

care', it says, 'has been to furnish out the following miscellany with those pieces (regard being first had to real merit) which have laid unknown and unobserv'd from their MANNER of publication; several of them having been printed by themselves, and so perished as it were for want of bulk, and others lost amid the rubbish of collections injudiciously made, and perhaps not easily to be met with'. So we take first the poems which had been printed by themselves. In this class there are five—Lowth's *Genealogy of Christ as it is represented on the East Window of Winchester College Chapel*, Mason's *Isis, an Elegy*, Thomas Warton's own *Triumph of Isis, Gray's Elegy*, and Collins's *Ode on the Death of Mr. Thomson*. They could not all be described in 1753 as 'unknown and unobserved'. Mason's and Warton's twin poems—an elegant instance of the friendly rivalry which now finds blunter expression in other fields—were both well known, Warton's having already gone into three editions. Gray's *Elegy* was by 1753 in its eighth edition and had been several times printed in the Magazines. But Collins's 'In yonder grave a Druid lies' had not yet won the attention which it deserved, and Lowth's *Genealogy of Christ* was a rare and forgotten piece. Written while Lowth was at school at Winchester, it had been published in 1729, when he was only nineteen.<sup>1</sup> He was the Professor of Poetry at Oxford during all Warton's undergraduate days, but had lectured on Hebrew poetry; and this poem, though a notable performance for the early age at which it was written, had been allowed by the professor to remain in obscurity. Warton was privately educated by his father, but he had close associations with Winchester through his brother, and we must believe that he had been long familiar with this poem on the Winchester window, and had not forgotten it when, many years later, he wrote his *Verses on Sir Joshua Reynolds's Painted Window at New College, Oxford*.

In speaking of 'the rubbish of collections injudiciously made'—hard words to use in acknowledging a debt—Warton was probably thinking in particular of *The Museum*, a periodical which was published fortnightly by Dodsley from April 1746 to September 1747 and was edited by Mark Akenside. Amid its assemblage of historical and literary articles, moral tales, essays, and reviews, are to be found poems by Collins, Joseph Warton, and Christopher Smart. But none of these did Thomas Warton select for *The Union*. The four which he took are 'The Child Birth, in the Manner of Gay', 'On a Lady's presenting a Sprig of Myrtle to a Gentleman', 'To a Young Lady, with Fontenelle's Plurality of Worlds', and a Song beginning 'Gay Florimel, of gen'rous birth',—all of them anonymous,

<sup>1</sup> The poem is historically important as describing the Jesse window before it was 'restored': see J. D. Le Couteur, *Ancient Glass in Winchester*, 1920, pp. 67 ff and 138 ff. The Preface shows that the poem was published by an admirer who did not trouble about the school-boy's permission. Lowth's name was not given, and was first printed with the poem in *The Union*.



as unfortunately are all the poems in *The Museum*. We are less likely to believe that he thought them the four best poems than that there was a personal reason for the choice of some of them. The verses suggested by Fontenelle's book were by Edward Rolle, another Winchester man, who had occasionally acted as deputy for Joseph Spence as Professor of Poetry and, though a beneficed clergyman in Devonshire, had been resident for several years in Oxford as a fellow of New College. We do not know who wrote 'The Child Birth', and all that need now be said of it is that it is an Oxford poem, and that it has been excised from one of the Bodleian copies—but before it reached the Bodleian—by a stern moralist; and of 'Gay Florimel' that Warton omitted it when *The Union* went into a second edition. Most interest attaches to the 'Sprig of Myrtle', and of it we may say that it was included on its merits, for Warton did not know, as we do, who wrote it. He inserted in the heading 'By Mr. Hammond'. He ought to have inserted 'By Mr. Samuel Johnson'. It was in 1754, the year after the publication of *The Union*, that Johnson paid his first visit to Oxford since his days at Pembroke College, and spent much of his time with Warton. If Johnson had seen *The Union*—and we are seldom safe in saying of any recent book that Johnson had not seen it—he was indifferent to the false attribution. He was never scrupulous about the fate of his minor verse. He may not have suspected his young friend of being an anonymous editor, and they had other things to talk about. Warton was left none the wiser, for the error was to remain in the later editions.

Two other collections from which Warton borrowed were the Oxford sets of verses on the death of Queen Caroline and on the death of the Prince of Wales. From *Pietas Acad. Oxon. in Obitum Reginae Carolinae*, 1738, he took the stately poem in Miltonic blank verse by Jonathan Shipley, who had become a Prebendary of Winchester and Canon of Christ Church, and was afterwards to be Bishop of St. Asaph. Another poem by Shipley written about the same time, an unrhymed ode on the death of a friend, Warton was to praise in his edition of the minor poems of Milton as 'excellent' and 'of the truest taste'; but in the first edition of *The Union* the only unrhymed ode is the masterpiece of Collins.

The *Epicedia Oxoniensia* on the death of the Prince of Wales, 1751, supplied two poems, one in blank verse said to be 'written at Paris, by David Lord Viscount Stormont, of Ch. Ch. Oxon', and the other in elegiac stanzas nominally by 'Mr. James Clitherow of All Souls Coll.' But the Bodleian copy of *English Poems* has this note on the first—'Said to be wrote by Doctor Markham'; and this note on the second—'Said to be wrote by Doctor Blackston'. Stormont was a young graduate who had just entered on his diplomatic career as an attaché at Paris, and Markham, then a Christ Church tutor, and about to be Headmaster of Westminster on his

way to the Archbishopric of York, was given to writing poems, one of which is in Dodsley's *Collection* and another in the second edition of *The Union*. The maturity and gravity and flow of sentiment in the piece ascribed to the young diplomat must dispose us to think that the note is to be trusted.<sup>1</sup> The other note is certainly correct. It is confirmed by Clitherow himself in his life of Sir William Blackstone.<sup>2</sup> Clitherow was aged nineteen when the elegiac stanzas were said to be his, and Blackstone, whom we know as the learned judge, was a young fellow of All Souls, aged twenty-eight. Nowadays we cannot take the awful gloom of the poem quite seriously. After a description of the funeral rites a mourner is depicted as having strayed in the cloistered temple 'till lonely midnight clos'd th' impervious gate'.

But when each lamp by slow degrees expir'd,  
And total night assumed its silent reign,  
Sudden he starts, with wild amazement fir'd,  
And big with horror traverses the fane.

The vaulted mansions of th' illustrious dead  
Inspire his shudd'ring soul with ghastly fears,  
Dire shapes, and beck'ning shades around him tread,  
And hollow voices murmur in his ears.

- Suddenly in a resplendent gleam four royal shapes are seen on ivory thrones, the four hopes of England who had died as Prince of Wales,—the Black Prince, Arthur, Henry, and Frederick; and Frederick is assured by the Black Prince that

As one our fortune, one shall be our fame,  
And long record our deathless names shall join.

The poem was not likely to escape notice in the days when *The Castle of Otranto* made Gray and his Cambridge friends 'afraid to go to bed o' nights', and its inclusion in *The Union* may be taken as evidence that Warton did not think of it quite as we do. Clitherow seems to have found his borrowed plumes inconvenient and admits that he was glad to be relieved, after Blackstone's death, of the promise of secrecy which Blackstone had exacted from him; but we are left wondering whether the young undergraduate asked for assistance in a task that had been imposed on him, or whether the young fellow volunteered to hand over a poem that he had no wish to own. Blackstone must have known its inferiority to his 'Lawyer's Farewell to his Muse', which was written several years earlier, and has suffered little from change of taste. Did Warton know who wrote these

<sup>1</sup> It is supported by another note. William Maximilian Freind, of Christ Church, who acquired a copy of the third edition in 1767, jotted down opposite the title-page that this poem and the 'Ode to Arthur Onslow', first included in the second edition, were 'written by Dr. M. dean of Ch. Ch.' Markham was Dean from 1767 to 1771.

<sup>2</sup> Preface to Blackstone's *Reports of Cases*, 1781, p. vi, footnote.

funereal verses, and the Miltonic verses which purport to have been sent to Oxford from the British Embassy in Paris? We are helped to our answer when we learn that Warton was himself the author of a third poem in the *Epicedia* of 1751 which is ascribed to a freshman of his own college.

We now turn to poems which had not appeared by themselves or in collections, but were chosen from the publications of individual authors. Mallet's 'Fragment' on the rewards of being 'alone with Nature' had been printed in his *Poems on Several Occasions*, 1743; Anthony Hammond's 'Love Elegy' in his posthumous *Love Elegies*, 1743; Akenside's 'Ode on Lyric Poetry' in his *Odes on Several Subjects*, 1745; Joseph Warton's 'Ode to Fancy' and 'Ode to Evening' in his *Odes on Various Subjects*, 1746; Collins's 'Ode to Evening' in his *Odes on several Descriptive and Allegoric Subjects*, 1747; and Mason's four odes 'To the Morning', 'On Content', 'On Constancy', and 'On Truth' were choruses in his *Elfrida*, 1752. The large number of odes in *The Union* should remind us of what is sometimes forgotten, that one of the most prolific periods of the English ode was the middle of the eighteenth century. Joseph Warton's 'Ode to Evening', already once revised, contains new readings which may be attributed to him rather than to his brother. It is printed immediately before Collins's Ode, and we need not think that it was intended to serve as a foil. Collins too, had revised his Ode before it was reprinted in Dodsley's *Collection* and this revised version was rightly, and for the first time, reprinted in *The Union*.

Smollett's Love Elegy beginning 'Where now are all my flatt'ring dreams of joy' was not taken from any volume of poems but from *Roderick Random*. It supplies the evidence which seems to be otherwise lacking that Warton's reading of fiction at this time was not confined to medieval romances. But Smollett's 'Tears of Scotland' presents a problem. We do not know where Warton found it. The heading says that it was 'written in the year 1746', and for that we have the independent testimony of Alexander Carlyle in his *Autobiography*. Describing his visit to London in the spring of 1746 Carlyle says that Smollett showed him 'the manuscript of his "Tears of Scotland"', which was published not long after, and had such a run of approbation. Smollett, though a Tory, was not a Jacobite, but he had the feelings of a Scotch gentleman on the reported cruelties that were said to be exercised after the battle of Culloden'. The words 'published not long after' point to the latter half of 1746 or 1747, but the first issues of this moving and passionate poem which had 'such a run of approbation' remain strangely elusive.<sup>1</sup> Warton seems not to have known

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Norman Ault points out that the poem is in *The Thrush*, 1749, Song 388, pp. 256-7. This is the earliest text yet found, but it is manifestly derivative, and variants show that it was not Warton's source.

who was the author. Smollett's name was inserted, in the table of contents, in the third edition.

So far twenty-four poems have been mentioned. There remain the four Scottish poems, and the three new poems by Warton himself.

The book which appears to have introduced Warton to Scottish literature was *The Ever Green, being a Collection of Scots Poems, Wrote by the Ingenious before 1600*,—a collection in which Allan Ramsay took pointless liberties with his texts and introduced pieces of very recent composition, but none the less an attractive collection well designed to make the older writers better known. There Warton made the acquaintance of Dunbar's 'The Thistle and the Rose', and so liked it as to give it the first place in his own collection, anglicizing it here and there, but stopping far short of turning it into an English poem. He anglicized in the same way 'The Eagle and Robin Red-breast' and said that it was 'by Mr. Archibald Scott' and 'written before the year 1600'. Archibald Scott is an unknown poet, a ghost poet. Alexander Scott would have been a more likely guess, as there was a poet of that name before 1600 who has now a volume to himself in the publications of the Scottish Text Society. But the poem had just been written, and not by William Guthrie, who seems to have posed to Boswell as its author.<sup>1</sup> In *The Ever Green* it is signed 'AR. SCOT.'—which being interpreted correctly is Allan Ramsay. Another recent poem that Warton took from the same book in the belief that it was old is the notorious ballad of 'Hardyknute', the antiquity of which was to become a matter of controversy later in the century. But not in *The Ever Green* did he find his fourth Scottish piece, part of the Prologue to 'The Dream' of Sir David Lindsay. Till some other collection is identified from which he might have taken it we must give him the credit of having himself selected it from one of the numerous editions of Lindsay's works. *The Union* thus contains only two genuinely old Scottish pieces, by Dunbar and Lindsay, and we shall not be unfair to Warton if we say that at that time his knowledge of the older Scottish poetry did not go much further.

Warton was then engaged on his *Observations on the Faerie Queene of Spenser*, a substantial work which broke new ground and appeared in the following year. From the serious but congenial industry which it involved, *The Union* served as a brief relaxation, for this collection, as we have seen, was not made laboriously. The two books come into contact on Scottish poetry. The only Scottish poets mentioned in the *Observations* are Dunbar and Lindsay, and in one sentence: 'I should be guilty of injustice to merit in particular, and to a nation in general, which amidst a variety of disadvantages has kept a constant pace with England in the progress of literature, were I here to omit the mention of two Scottish poets, who

<sup>1</sup> *Life of Johnson*, ed. G. B. Hill, i, 117, note.

flourish'd about this time, Sir David Lyndesay, and William Dunbar; the former of which in his "Dream", and other pieces, and the latter in his "Golden Terge", or "Shield", and in "The Thistle and Rose", has discover'd a genuine spirit of allegorising'.<sup>1</sup> (The 'Golden Terge' he had read in *The Ever Green*.) He also mentions, mistakenly, the 'noble old Scottish poem, entitled "Hardyknute", which exhibits a striking representation of our antient martial manners'.<sup>2</sup> This brief commentary on texts included in *The Union* is the sum of what he has to say about Scottish poetry in a learned work containing a notable amount of miscellaneous information. He still knew nothing, at least he showed no knowledge, of Gavin Douglas. In 1752 Francis Fawkes had brought out Douglas's 'Description of May'—the Prologue to the translation of the twelfth book of the *Aeneid*—both in the original text and in a translation into eighteenth-century couplets, and with a serviceable introduction. But Warton had only made a beginning. Twenty-five years later, in the second volume of his *History of English Poetry*, he was to devote many pages to Dunbar, Douglas, and Lindsay. He begins with an explanation which recalls the sentence already quoted from the *Observations*. 'It is not the plan of this work', he says, 'to comprehend the Scotch poetry. But when I consider the close and national connection between England and Scotland in the progress of manners and literature, I am sensible I should be guilty of a partial and defective representation of the poetry of the former, was I to omit in my series a few Scotch writers, who have adorned the present period, with a degree of sentiment and spirit, a command of phraseology, and a fertility of imagination, not to be found in any English poet since Chaucer and Lydgate: more especially as they have left striking specimens of allegorical invention, a species of composition which appears to have been for some time almost totally extinguished in England'.<sup>3</sup> And he ends by expressing his hope for a better account than he has been able to give. 'I cannot return to the English poets without a hint, that a well-executed history of the Scotch poetry from the thirteenth century, would be a valuable accession to the general literary history of Britain. The subject is pregnant with much curious and instructive information, is highly deserving of a minute and regular research, has never yet been uniformly examined in its full extent, and the materials are both accessible and ample'.<sup>4</sup> If the faults and deficiencies of what he could say were obvious to him,

<sup>1</sup> *Observations*, 1754, p. 234; 'Hardyknute', p. 114.

<sup>2</sup> In the second edition of the *Observations*, 1762, i. 156, Warton added a note on this: 'Since this was written I have been assured upon good authority that "Hardyknute" is a modern piece . . . But I am apt to think that the first stanza is old, and gave the hint for writing the rest.' The 'good authority' was Thomas Percy. In a letter to Richard Farmer of 9 September, 1762 Percy says: 'The account of Hardyknute he had from me. I received it from Mr. Guthrie the Historian, whom I met in the British Museum.'

<sup>3</sup> *The History of English Poetry*, 1778, ii, 257.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* ii, 334.



they must be more obvious to us, but they should not blind us to what he had performed. He was the first critic to try to make us see these Scottish writers in their literary relations, the first to speak of the need for a history of Scottish poetry and to make the attempt to supply a portion of it. The germ of the attempt is to be found in *The Union*.

The three poems by Warton himself differ widely in their personal interest. The verses 'Inscribed on a beautiful Grotto near the Water' are based on an epigram in the Greek Anthology and might have been written by many another scholar; indeed the only evidence that Warton wrote them seems to be that they were reprinted as his by his brother, and his brother's son.<sup>1</sup> The 'Pastoral in the Manner of Spenser' is an attempt to render one of the idylls of Theocritus into the style and language of *The Shepherdes Calendar*, and is most worthy of attention as a Spenserian experiment at a time when fashion favoured the stanza of *The Faerie Queene*.

By contrast the 'Ode on the Approach of Summer', a much more ambitious effort, is an original poem in the manner of Milton, original in its welcome to the varied delights of summer but reproducing everywhere, with no attempt at disguise, the metre and diction of 'L'Allegro' and 'Il Penseroso'. Warton's publication of the minor poems of Milton some thirty years later was the fulfilment of a lifelong devotion. But it is a question whether in reading this Ode we do not think less of what it tells us about Warton himself than of its relation to contemporary poetry. Here are the 'village tower', the 'distant-tinkling bell', the 'ivyed oak', the 'airy uplands', the 'arched rock', the 'ancient elm', the 'abbey's mouldering aisles'—all the familiar features in the landscape as the poets then saw it; here are the little details which show first-hand observation of the countryside rising clear from the blunted diction which sometimes surrounds them; here are Contemplation, and Content, and pensive Fancy, better known at that time as Melancholy. Though the reader is constantly invited to think of Milton's early poems, he may be reminded now and then of Pomfret's *Choice*, and Dyer's *Grongar Hill*, and Gray's *Elegy*. There can be no mistaking when this Ode was written.

Warton enlarged and thoroughly revised it for the second edition of *The Union*. He added a longish passage mainly about 'Hardyknute'. One alteration we should not have expected from 'a Gentleman formerly of the University of Aberdeen', to whom the poem is ascribed. He had celebrated the Tay and the Jed:

O'er the soft marge of silver Tay,  
O near thy brook, O sylvan Jed.

<sup>1</sup> *Poems, original and translated, by the Rev. John Warton, 1794, p. 120.*



But this gentleman, who continued to hail from Aberdeen while giving clearer proof of residence in Oxford, now substituted two somewhat laboured lines which, if more in keeping with the rest of the poem, will not be thought superior in themselves:

Near the rush'd marge of Cherwell's flood,  
Or o'er old Avon's magic edge.

If Warton had known better, the two rivers would have been the Dee and the Don, in the first and all editions. But Warton was never in Scotland; it may be doubted if he was ever north of Oxfordshire. The gentleman from Aberdeen served to keep the two Edinburgh booksellers in countenance.

Carefully revised as it was, Warton did not include this Ode in the collected edition of his poems published in 1777. Why, we can only guess. He may have thought it too long, for it is twice as long as his other odes; and he may have thought it too like some of them in content and quality. Before we assume that he felt obliged to remain loyal to his phantom friend, we have to remember that he gave the first place in his collected edition to the poem which in the Oxford *Epicædia* is professedly by a freshman of his college. Only after his death was the Ode claimed as his. Joseph Warton included it in the collected edition of 1791, and wrote thus to William Mason on 8 May of that year:

I have taken the freedom of ordering the printer to send you a copy of my late Brother's poems just going to be published. . . . Suffer me to mention one piece to you, which he wrote in my early youth, but did not own—an Ode on the Approach of Summer—which I venture to say is in a manner you will like, and which perhaps you had formerly read in *The Union*, without knowing the real author.<sup>1</sup>

Meanwhile the identity of the Gentleman formerly of the University of Aberdeen had aroused the curiosity of the Scottish antiquary and historian, John Pinkerton, who in his *Ancient Scottish Poems* included 'A List of all the Scottish Poets' down to his own time. He took the obvious course of writing to an Aberdeen professor who was himself a poet. 'By a letter from Dr. Beattie', he says, 'I am just informed, that the Author's name was Seton; but that he knows nothing else of him, remembering this only from the information of an old gentleman, dead about four years ago, and who was the only person he ever heard speak of him'.<sup>2</sup> Pinkerton knew the pleasures of invention, but Beattie's letter is printed in full in Pinkerton's *Correspondence*; and Beattie, the author of the *Essay on Truth*, cannot be suspected of saying what he did not believe. The claims made for the

<sup>1</sup> Messrs. Colbeck Radford and Co.'s catalogue *The Ingatherer*, No. X, 1930, No. 286.

<sup>2</sup> *Ancient Scottish Poems*, 1786, i, cxxxviii; *The Literary Correspondence of John Pinkerton*, ed. Dawson Turner, 1830, i, 81.

undiscoverable Mr. Seton brought Pinkerton a letter from Joseph Warton, written within a few days of his letter to Mason.

'I am confident', he says, 'you will pardon me for availing myself of that freedom, which lovers of literature sometimes take with one another, in troubling you with a letter on a passage in your excellent and valuable Collection of Ancient Scottish Poems. You say, page 138, Vol. 1, that Dr. Beattie has informed you, that the Ode on the approach of Summer, published in the *Union*, was written by a Mr. Seton. I must beg to inform you that it was written by my brother, the late Mr. Thomas Warton, and that I saw it, at the very time it was written, forty years ago, and have, this moment, lying before me, the first original rude draught of it. I often pressed him to own it; and, as I have just collected all his poetical pieces, I have inserted it in the collection to be immediately published'.<sup>1</sup>

There are two states of the original edition. The whole book was reset in the same type, page for page and line for line. Why there should have been two settings of a book which, as far as we can now judge, created no great stir when it was published is yet another puzzle. As at least twenty<sup>2</sup> misprints in one are corrected in the other, the explanation may be that the printer preferred to reset the whole book rather than insert a discreditable list of errata. But again we have to ask why he retained the same mixture of founts, and at the same places, in the 'drop' capitals.<sup>3</sup>

Alterations were made in the contents in the second edition.<sup>4</sup> Warton omitted the four choruses by Mason and inserted in their place three pieces by himself and Markham's unrhymed 'Ode to Arthur Onslow';<sup>5</sup> and for the anonymous song about 'Gay Florimel' he substituted Christopher Smart's 'Ode on the Fifth of December, being the Birth-day of a very beautiful Young Lady', which had been printed in *The Student, or the Oxford and Cambridge Monthly Miscellany* in 1750. The three pieces by himself had likewise been printed there,—'A Panegyric on Oxford Ale, by a Gentleman of Trinity College', 'The Progress of Discontent, by the Same',<sup>6</sup> and a metrical version of 'Job, Chapter XXXIX, by a Gentleman of Oxford'. They might all have been given in the first edition. Warton had plucked up courage to include two of his humorous pieces—one reminis-

<sup>1</sup> *Correspondence of Pinkerton*, 1830, i, 264.

<sup>2</sup> This number has not been arrived at laboriously and may be too modest.

<sup>3</sup> Differences in 'spacing' and 'braces' throughout the volume show that the corrected issue was not printed from type that had been kept standing. The uncorrected issue is easily distinguished by 'Centleman' (Contents), 'Silenius' (11.17), 'ruiste' (68.5), 'beeding' (79.10), and 'Thebian' (144.5).

<sup>4</sup> The date on the title page is 1759; but, if an advertisement in *Jackson's Oxford Journal* is to be trusted, the second edition was not published till 12 January, 1760.

<sup>5</sup> This unrhymed Ode is highly praised, along with Shipley's, in Warton's edition of the minor poems of Milton, 1785, p. 369, where it is mistakenly said to be 'addressed to George Onslow'.

<sup>6</sup> Warton contributed a revised version of 'The Progress of Discontent' to the fourth volume of Dodsley's *Collection*, 1755, and reprinted it in *The Oxford Sausage*, 1764; but he allowed the unrevised version to appear in the second and third editions of *The Union*.

cent of *The Splendid Shilling* and the other of the octosyllabics of Swift—and to allow himself seven<sup>1</sup> pieces, all in different styles, whereas two remains the most allowed to any other writer. Here also, as we have seen, he gave a new version of his 'Ode on the Approach of Summer'. *The Union* had become unmistakeably his own book.

In the third edition, 1766, he added seven new poems—four elegies on Morning, Noon, Evening, and Midnight, by the Rev. Stephen Panting of his own college, an Elegy by Shenstone, an Elegy by Jerningham, and Epistolary Verses by Robert Lloyd. Six new elegies. Half the volume is composed of Odes and Elegies. But still no Sonnets. These are found in Warton's *Poems*, published in 1777; and not one of the pieces in this his first acknowledged collection had appeared in any edition of *The Union*.

<sup>1</sup> Eight, if he wrote 'The Child Birth, in the Manner of Gay'; but we can only guess.

## THE POETRY OF A. E. HOUSMAN

By A. F. ALLISON

In a volume published a year after the poet's death in 1936, *A. E. H. Some Poems, Some Letters and a Personal Memoir* . . . , Mr. Laurence Housman gave to the world probably as much as it will ever know of his brother's methods of working and of the shy, embittered temperament which left so deep a mark on his poetry. Laurence Housman did not attempt an evaluation of his brother's work. He was content to give the facts that he alone was in a position to give. In addition to the memoir and letters and a few hitherto unpublished verses, the volume contains a list of dated poems and some extracts from the notebooks to illustrate the stages by which certain of his verses reached their final form.

What emerges most clearly from the memoir is that beneath the sensitive and scholarly reserve lay a depth of passionate feeling which seldom revealed itself in daily life. The emotions he so rigidly restrained in his dealings with fellow men sought expression in his poetry. Mr. Laurence Housman does not develop the argument; but it is this very intensity of submerged feeling that gives to his verses something of their special character. His inability to share it in conversation with others widened the gulf between himself and the common run of humanity; but it was a part of the common run of humanity of which he chose to write. Country folk and especially 'all ill-treated fellows' are the professed subjects of his verse. He tried to harness a world he scarcely knew to feelings over which he brooded in silence and alone.

The emotional nature of his work fulfilled his own ideal. 'I think that to transfuse emotion,' he wrote in *The Name and Nature of Poetry*,<sup>1</sup> 'to set up in the reader's sense a vibration corresponding to what was felt by the writer—is the peculiar function of poetry.' He judged it by the size of the lump it brought to his throat. It is in the light of his own statement that the verses of *A Shropshire Lad* should be considered. They are less the expression of profound experience than of common emotion intensely felt. The sad and bitter in life stirred him to write. The passing of time and time's revenges, injustice, fickleness of love, beauty's transience, and, over all, the shadow of death—with these he is preoccupied and from them his emotion springs. This is not remarkable in itself, for they are the common stock of poetry the world over. Tennyson was preoccupied with

<sup>1</sup> Leslie Stephen Lecture, 1933.

the same things. The difference is one of subjective values. The sadness and bitterness of *In Memoriam* are eventually resolved into a higher synthesis, a deeper experience and more penetrating vision. With Housman they remain always isolated in their poignancy. He cultivated the luxury of sadness, careful never to let it escape him, and he achieved neither more nor less than his ideal.

The passing of the years seems to have brought him no new or changed experience, only an intensification of the old. The emotions which moved him to write were capable of poetic variation but not, in his hands, of development. He never forsook the lyric form, and, at the age of sixty-three in *Last Poems* (1922), he was writing about the same things in much the same way as in 1896 when he published *A Shropshire Lad*. Although a number of the poems in this later volume were composed many years previously, one or two of them being as early as 1895, several belong to the year of publication. At the end of his memoir Laurence Housman gives a list of dated poems compiled from entries in his brother's notebook and from information given by his brother to Sir Sydney Cockerell. It includes thirty-nine of the forty-one *Last Poems* and it is an interesting source of light on the otherwise obscure subject of their order of composition. It shows that in some instances a period of many years elapsed between the beginning of the poem and its completion, though nothing in the matter or the manner had indicated any change of outlook or deepening of perception. Poems assigned completely to the year 1922 repeat the themes both of *A Shropshire Lad* and the earlier verses in this same volume. No. 29, 'Wake not for the world-heard thunder . . .', to take but one example, harks back to the soldier poems of the Boer War period and earlier, being an invocation to a fallen comrade to sleep on in death, heedless of the drums and trappings of conquest.

In *The Name and Nature of Poetry* he rejects the belief that inspiration is born of spiritual experience. Inspiration is emotional and of the body: the spirit is but an illusion of sense. The poems likewise reflect his conviction that man's soul is no less material than his body and perishes with it, and that we on this earth are the victims of a cruel Fate against which we pit our poor delusions of a world to come. There is a kinship here with the Latin poets who adapted Greek philosophy to their moods, particularly with Horace, one of whose Odes, the famous 'Diffugere nives . . .', he translates. The following stanzas show how perfect is the sympathy between translation and original:—

frigora mitescunt zephyris, ver proterit aestas  
interitura, simul  
pomifer autumnus fruges effuderit, et mox  
bruma recurrit iners.

damna tamen celeres reparant caelestia lunae;  
 nos ubi decidimus,  
 quo pius Aeneas, quo Tullus dives et Ancus,  
 pulvis et umbra sumus. (*Odes*, IV, 7.)

Thaw follows frost; hard on the heel of spring  
 Treads summer sure to die, for hard on hers  
 Comes autumn with his apples scattering;  
 Then back to wintertide, when nothing stirs.

But oh, whate'er the sky-led seasons mar,  
 Moon after moon rebuilds it with her beams;  
 Come we where Tullus and where Ancus are  
 And good Aeneas, we are dust and dreams.

(*More Poems*, p. 21.)

They are close in spirit to the Housman of 'Fancy's Knell' and many another of his original poems. There is the same sensitiveness to nature—a nature whose varied loveliness is for ever changing and reminding us of the passing of time and the shortness of life. Death is inevitable and after death we are dust and dreams. We can only accept that fact resignedly and reap the pleasures of the passing hour. There are many echoes of Horace in *A Shropshire Lad* and *Last Poems*:

Come, lads, and learn the dances  
 And praise the tune to-day.  
 To-morrow, more's the pity,  
 Away we both must hie,  
 To air the ditty,  
 And to earth I.

(*Last Poems*, pp. 78-9.)

His words recall those written by Horace two thousand years before:

. . . nec dulces amores  
 sperne puer neque tu choreas,  
 donec virenti canities abest  
 morosa. (*Odes*, I, 9.)

And, from time to time, the reader is conscious of those other words:

iam te premet nox fabulaeque Manes  
 et domus exilis Plutonia; . . .  
 (*Odes*, I, 4.)

The comparison should not be pressed too far. The qualities which have endeared Horace to posterity are not the qualities of Housman in his darker, more violent moods. There is little of the resignation and calm courage which lighten the shadows of the *Leuconoë* ode in lines such as these:

Let me lie abed and rest:  
 Ten thousand times I've done my best  
 And all's to do again. (*Last Poems*, p. 27.)



—or in the following, where the whining has changed to anger :

We for a certainty are not the first  
Have sat in taverns while the tempest hurled  
Their hopeful plans to emptiness, and cursed  
Whatever brute and blackguard made the world.  
(*Last Poems*, p. 24.)

These lines have none of the gentle 'lacrimae rerum' of Horace. They have neither kindliness nor fortitude nor sanity of judgment. His curses recall the hatred which Blake felt for Nobodaddy, 'wicked father of all', who was father, in the true sense, of none. But Housman was ill-fitted to raise his voice in anger at injustice. The real sufferings of humanity he knew hardly at all. His sympathy, he says, went out to 'all ill-treated fellows'; but their poverty and the squalor in which many of them had to live might not have existed for him. Through his temperamental inability to mix and talk with men, his compassion came to be directed inwards instead of outwards. Too often his pity is felt to be merely self-pity, his anger the anger of impotence at his own frustrations and disappointments. The shadowy characters of his poems are tragic realizations of himself. Blake's anger bears some relation to real evil and suffering :

How the Chimney sweeper's cry  
Every black'ning Church appalls;  
And the hapless Soldier's sigh  
Runs in blood down Palace Walls.  
(*'London'*, from *Songs of Experience*.)

In contrast with this are Housman's reasons for cursing 'whatever brute and blackguard made the world' :

There's one spoilt spring to scant our mortal lot,  
One season ruined of our little store.  
May will be fine next year as like as not:  
Oh ay, but then we shall be twenty-four.  
(*Last Poems*, p. 24.)

It is the attitude of the child whose party has been spoilt.

His tragic situations are often ridiculous.

Oh let not man remember  
The soul that God forgot,

he cries from the bitterness of his heart in 'The Culprit'. He continues thus :

But fetch the county kerchief  
And noose me in the knot,  
And I will rot.  
(*Last Poems*, p. 34.)

These last three lines are reminiscent of *The Beggar's Opera*. With a world of suffering to choose from, did he but look around him, he has to

stage a gallows scene to support his cry of despair. If it is intended as grotesque symbolism it fails to achieve the essential fusion of symbol and meaning. Instead of giving a fierce concentration to the meaning it draws attention to itself and is in the worst sense theatrical. Effective use of the grotesque is beyond his powers. Heine, using the same type of symbol, can crush into four lines a world of anguish:

Um Sechse des Morgens ward er gehenkt,  
Um Sieben ward er ins Grab gesenkt;  
Sie aber schon um Achte  
Trank roten Wein und lachte.

(‘Ein Weib’, from *Romanzen*.)

In the introduction to his anthology, *The Poet's Tongue*, Mr. W. H. Auden writes: ‘. . . Only when it throws light on our own experience . . . does poetry convince us of its significance. The test of a poet is the frequency and diversity of the occasions on which we remember his poetry’. When this criterion is applied to Housman it is evident that much of his verse cannot throw light on our own experience. The luckless lad who keeps sheep by moonlight, ‘the son of grief at cricket trying to be glad’, the Carpenter’s Son wishing he had stayed at home to build ‘gallows-trees for other chaps’, are ridiculous in character and situation. A few of his verses pass the test unscathed. When he is at his best and the level is sustained, in ‘Fancy’s Knell’ and ‘The First of May’ and the fine poem with its flawless first stanza:

Her strong enchantments failing,  
Her towers of fear in wreck,  
Her limbecks dried of poisons  
And the knife at her neck . . .

(*Last Poems*, p. 15.)

—the poem as a whole can be assimilated into the reader’s consciousness. Although the range is not wide, it touches emotions beyond its particular context. Other verses can only be so assimilated in part; but, even at his worst, single lines and phrases, and occasionally a complete stanza, achieve what the verse as a whole is incapable of achieving. The theme of the poem entitled ‘The Welsh Marshes’ is epitomised in the last stanza:

When shall I be dead and rid  
Of the wrong my father did?  
How long, how long, till spade and hearse  
Put to sleep my mother’s curse?

(*A Shropshire Lad*, p. 42.)

The cruel wars between Saxon and Celt, when his father ‘got him on the slave’, are perpetuated in the cruel discord of his heart. The rancorous whine is characteristic. When it is not God who is responsible for his suffering, it is his father and mother. The repetition of ‘how long’, in the

third line, the poor metaphor of the last line and the feeble rhyme-echo from Blake's 'London', make it as botched and bad a stanza as Housman ever wrote. But the opening stanzas of this same poem are magnificent:

High the vanes of Shrewsbury gleam  
Islanded in Severn stream;  
The bridges from the steepled crest  
Cross the water east and west.

The flag of morn in conqueror's state  
Enters at the English gate:  
The vanquished eve, as night prevails,  
Bleeds upon the road to Wales.

(*A Shropshire Lad*, pp. 40-41.)

Housman offered in the name of poetry much that was false and petty and perverse, but he gave a little that was exquisite. That it has not failed in its appeal to the very different generations which have grown up since the publication of *A Shropshire Lad*, is remarkable in itself. The literary world of 1896 was the world of *The Yellow Book* and *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, of Ernest Dowson and Lionel Johnson and Richard le Gallienne. Tennyson had been dead only four years, Browning seven. The year of *Last Poems*, 1922, was also the year of Eliot's *The Waste Land*, symbolic of the disintegration which followed the War. By 1936, when Laurence Housman published the posthumous *More Poems*, some of the younger poets were seeking a new hope for the world in Marxism and identifying their cause with that of the Republican army in Spain. Throughout these years of change Housman was read and remembered. His best verses have a fascination entirely their own, and men forget his limitations in their delight at the distinctive and memorable beauty of his words. His language is an instrument exquisitely fashioned from subtle inflections and harmonies; from the feel of words and their emotional value, words of stark, simple vigour and of yielding softness, of passion and lingering sadness; from the music of words with their rhythms and echoes and rustle; from the colours of words, their contrasting lights and shadows, their brilliance and their gloom; above all, from the antiquity of words.

His language is often as simple as that of a medieval lyric. Its strength is in its native monosyllables: adjectives such as 'pine' and 'dun'; nouns from the life of the countryside—'shires', 'brakes', 'holt', 'steep', 'lees', 'mould', 'marl', 'ooze'; verbs of homely vigour like 'knit', 'get', 'ply', 'thresh', 'clap', 'bate', 'scant', 'lour'. Their roots lie far back in the Germanic past. They were old when Beowulf visited the Heathobards and when Byrhtnoth took his last stand at Maldon. In Middle English they were the common stock of folk-lyric and the ballad. Into this native texture

he weaves longer, romance words of singular beauty. The emotional effect can be overwhelming:

The chestnut casts his flambeaux, and the flowers  
Stream from the hawthorn on the wind away,  
The doors clap to, the pane is blind with showers . . .  
(*Last Poems*, p. 24.)

The word 'flambeaux', with its suggestion of cascading light and colour and, at the same time, of an architectural dignity, is the glory of its stanza.

In several other ways his verse is related to the ballads. It benefits by the same simplicity of utterance and certain effective devices. The refrain he uses only once, 'Oh, who would not sleep with the brave?', in the poem entitled 'Lancer' (*Last Poems*, p. 19). More frequent is his use of internal rhyme:

They sought and found six feet of ground,  
And there they died for me. (*Last Poems*, p. 65.)

The curious repetitive chant of the ballad, which gives to an already grim thought an added grimness, is reproduced in lines such as the following:

Fred keeps the house all kinds of weather,  
And clay's the house he keeps . . .  
(*A Shropshire Lad*, p. 36.)

Many of the ballads describe scenes of bloodshed in which the horror is concentrated by question and answer:

'Why does your brand sae drap wi bluid,  
Edward, Edward?  
Why does your brand sae drap wi bluid,  
And why sae sad gang ye O?'  
'O I hae killed my hawk sae guid,  
Mither, mither. . . .'  
(*'Edward'*.)

—a device which Housman borrows in *The True Lover*:

'Oh lad, what is it, lad, that drips  
Wet from your neck on mine?  
What is it falling on my lips,  
My lad, that tastes of brine?'  
'Oh like enough 'tis blood, my dear, . . .'  
(*A Shropshire Lad*, p. 82.)

Similarities of this kind are frequent. The most consistent and remarkable is in the use of alliteration, a device which goes back to the ballads and far beyond. With skilful handling its effects could be wonderfully varied: the plaintive sorrow of 'Wele is comen to welawei' (*Early English Lyrics*, ed. E. K. Chambers and F. Sidgwick, 1907, p. 163); the din of battle in

They swakked their swords, till sair they swat,  
And the blood ran down like rain . . . ('The Battle of Otterburn')

and the defiance of 'Thou shalt not yield to lord nor loon. . . .' (*ibid.*). With Housman the designed effect may be simply onomatopaeic: the rush of the wind in 'Twould blow like this through holt and hanger . . .' (*A Shropshire Lad*, p. 46); or the hushed whisper of 'How soft the poplars sigh . . .' (*A Shropshire Lad*, p. 79). But it is often far more than this. The ballad device is worked into the pattern of sound and meaning with so sure and sensitive a touch that the emotional effect is wholly unforgettable:

And full of shade the pillared forest  
Would murmur and be mine. . . .  
(*Last Poems*, p. 76.)

And the dead call the dying  
And finger at the doors. . . .  
(*Last Poems*, p. 41.)

The strong, bright threads of native lyric and ballad are firmly woven into the texture of his verse, but they alone do not give it its distinctive form. Its strength and colour are matched with a classic lucidity, brevity and precision. The quality of his scholarship has left its mark on his poetry, and phrase and image have the finality of his emendations in Manilius. Not that the way of perfection was easy for him. It was painful and slow. He would cut down and correct till no criticism could find a flaw. Years sometimes passed before a particular poem was completed to his satisfaction; but, when the words he sought at last came to him, they were nearly always the right words. It would be interesting to have seen his notebooks before his order for their destruction was carried out. He preferred that posterity should not peer too closely into his workshop; that the record of trial and error and imperfections mastered should be burned lest it throw a shadow on the final brightness. His phrases stand out with the graven beauty of a Doric frieze. In their brevity and the delicate, lapidary skill with which they are fashioned they recall certain verses of the Greek Anthology. Housman's manner is the manner of Simonides when he wrote of the Spartans who fell at Thermopylae:

ὦ ξεῖν' ἀγγέλλειν Λακεδαιμονίοις ὅτι τῇδε  
κείμεθα τοῖς κείνων ῥήμασι πειθόμενοι

(quoted by Herodotus, VII, 228)

and the similarity is not only in the manner but in the mood. The irony of these lines is reflective and impersonal—an irony not often to be found in English poetry. With Housman it is seldom absent, less restrained than in the Greek, more deliberately studied than in any other poet. It finds complete and perfect expression in the austerity of his 'Epitaph on an Army of Mercenaries'; but it lurks also behind the softest melodies and gives to sorrow the seal of bitterness. The dead Grenadier, we are told, must bate his price

For in the grave, they say,  
Is neither knowledge nor device  
Nor thirteen pence a day.

(*Last Poems*, p. 18.)

Although the perfection of form is with Housman a passion, his feeling for the vigorous and traditional goes hand in hand with it. The one never dominates the other. His utterance, as distinct from his thought, is finely balanced, strong yet graceful, vivid yet simple, sensitive yet precise. Classic and romantic meet in him without conflict. The mystery and the music of language are at his bidding. He knows what many another scholar-poet has either not known or has forgotten: that the spirit of poetry cannot be confined; that it obeys no laws and follows no fixed pattern; that it kindles the spontaneous song of 'Alysoun' while it leaves Landor's 'Hellenics' cold and dead.

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## NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS

### HENRY WOTTON AND ORAZIO LOMBARDELLI

During the year 1598 there appeared in Florence by the types of Giorgio Marescotti a small volume on the sources of the Tuscan vernacular. The volume was entitled *De' fonti della lingua toscana*,<sup>1</sup> its author being Orazio Lombardelli, a scholar from Siena already known as the author of several books on grammatical and literary subjects,<sup>2</sup> a treatise by him on punctuation and accents having been published as early as 1566.<sup>3</sup> Lombardelli's *Fonti* derived its title from, and was partly based upon, a treatise by Claudio Tolomei,<sup>4</sup> and purported to classify and describe the various elements forming the best Tuscan vernacular. As such it is not without interest to the philologist, for although it brings no fresh contribution to our knowledge of sixteenth-century Tuscan, it shows none the less an attempt at classifying the various sources forming the best Tuscan usage. The *Fonti* must have produced a certain stir in Tuscan literary circles, for a treatise dedicated to the confutation of it was written by Count Silvio Feronio shortly after its appearance, and published in Lucca in 1599.<sup>5</sup> The interest of Lombardelli's treatise is not, however, limited to linguistics and the history of literary criticism in sixteenth-century Italy. Besides this, it is also of some value since it furnishes us with some information on Henry Wotton's contacts with Italian literary men during his visit to Siena in 1592-3.

It was a fairly common literary practice in sixteenth-century Italy to write treatises under the form of 'discorsi' or 'ragionamenti' or, as we might call them, dissertations in conversational form, addressed to some person or persons. The addressees of these were generally friends, patrons, or colleagues, but might occasionally be even literary rivals, as was the case

<sup>1</sup> *I Fonti Toscani d'Orazio Lombardelli Senese, Accademico Vmoroso* (In Firenze, Appresso Giorgio Marescotti, 1598). Two copies of this book are in the British Museum.

<sup>2</sup> On Lombardelli cf. C. Tralza, *Storia della grammatica italiana* (Milano, 1908), pp. 276-83, G. B. Gerini, *Gli scrittori pedagogici del secolo XVI* (Torino, 1896), vol. III, pp. 63 ff., and the unpublished *Biblioteca degli scrittori senesi* by Benvoglianti in the Biblioteca Pubblica, Siena, MSS. Z. I. 6 and ff.

<sup>3</sup> O. Lombardelli, *De' punti et degli Accenti che a i nostri tempi sono in uso, tanto appresso i Latini, quanto appresso i volgari* (Firenze, 1566).

<sup>4</sup> Claudio Tolomei's *De' Fonti Toscani* first published by F. Sensi in *Archivio Glottologico Italiano*, XII (1892), pp. 447-53. For Lombardelli's use of this treatise cf. F. D'Ovidio, 'Pei plagiaristi del Tolomei', *Rassegna Bibliografica della Letteratura Italiana*, I (1893), pp. 46-9.

<sup>5</sup> S. Feronio, *Il Chiariti, Dialogo, ove trattandosi de' Fonti Toscani di Orazio Lombardelli, si va ragionando d'altre cose* (Lucca, 1599).

for instance in Ruscelli's *Tre Discorsi*.<sup>1</sup> Such a literary fashion, the beginnings of which may be traced down to classical antiquity, did not, however, necessarily imply a formal dedication of the book to the person addressed in it. To do so would have obviously been tantamount to wasting a good opportunity. Hence such works were generally dedicated to somebody else, often a valuable patron, or at any rate a prospective one. Such a practice had already been followed by Lombardelli before writing the *Fonti*. His *Discorso intorno a i contrasti che si fanno sopra la Gerusalemme Liberata di Torquato Tasso*, first published at Ferrara in 1586,<sup>2</sup> is also in the form of a speech, addressed in this case to Maurizio Cataneo. But this *Discorso* was dedicated not to Cataneo, but to an influential prelate whose favour Lombardelli was seeking, Mgr. Angelo Papio. The same was done by Lombardelli with the *Fonti*. Like the *Discorso intorno a i contrasti*, so the *Fonti* was a 'discorso', the addressee being in this case 'Il Signore Arrigo Vuottoni Inglese'.<sup>3</sup> Signor Vuottoni is easily identifiable. Arrigo is one of the Italian forms for Henry, and Vuottoni is an obvious italianization of Wotton. A similar form may be found in one of Wotton's letters to Belisario Vista, which is signed Arrigo Vuottoni.<sup>4</sup> Hence the identification of Arrigo Vuottoni with Henry (later Sir Henry) Wotton is beyond doubt. According to the current fashion the book was dedicated not to Wotton but to someone else. In this case the recipient of the dedication was a prominent fellow citizen of Lombardelli, Giulio Cesare Colombini,<sup>5</sup> a member of a family particularly associated with the religious history of Siena at the end of the middle ages, and the same person to whom was to be dedicated a collection of early Siennese poetry edited by Celso Cittadini which was never published.<sup>6</sup>

Although the *Fonti* was printed in 1598, the writing of it had taken place at a much earlier date. The intention of composing it was already in Lombardelli's mind when he was engaged on the *Discorso intorno a i contrasti*. 'Già più mesi mi venne in animo di fare un certo ragionamento a' miei Umorosi dove (piacendo a Iddio) tratterò con qualche utilità della lingua toscana; e in particolare alcuni de' concetti che ora ne vengono alle mani',<sup>7</sup> he stated in it. The intention of addressing the *Fonti* to his fellow 'accademici umorosi' was, however, given up. After meeting Wotton, Lombardelli decided instead to address the treatise to the youthful English-

<sup>1</sup> *Tre discorsi di Girolamo Ruscelli a M. Ludovico Dolce* (Venetia, 1553).

<sup>2</sup> Four years earlier, Lombardelli had published a *Giudizio sopra il Goffredo di Torquato Tasso*, which was issued in Florence in 1582.

<sup>3</sup> *I Fonti*, p. 1.  
<sup>4</sup> L. Pearsall Smith, *The Life and Letters of Sir Henry Wotton* (London, 1907), vol. I, p. 43, n. 3. The signature Arrigo Vuotton appears in a letter to Nicolao and Ascanio Sanminiati (*Ibid.*, vol. I, p. 401, n. 3).

<sup>5</sup> *I Fonti*, sig. +3<sup>r</sup>.

<sup>6</sup> M. Barbi, *Studi sul Canzoniere di Dante* (Firenze, 1915), p. 442, n.

<sup>7</sup> *Opere di Torquato Tasso* (Venice, 1735-9), vol. iii, p. 234. Lombardelli himself tells us that this passage refers to *I Fonti*; cf. *I Fonti Toscani*, p. 5.

man who had made such a vivid impression upon him. The actual writing of the *Fonti* took place while Wotton was in Siena, the work being finished on 2 February, 1592/3.<sup>1</sup> Its publication, on the other hand, was long delayed, only taking place some five years later. The reasons for such a long interval between completion and printing are known. After finishing the work in February 1592/3, Lombardelli appears to have been not entirely satisfied with it. The result was that the treatise was set aside for some time for revision, the author's final version only being ready for the press in July 1597.<sup>2</sup>

Wotton's correspondence, and particularly his letters to Edward, Lord Zouche, throws some light upon his visit to Siena. But it does not furnish as much information as we would like to have about his life there. Dealing mainly with the transmission of intelligence and gossip of a political nature, it includes very little indeed about the writer's private life. Such a gap is, however, filled a little by Lombardelli's *Fonti*.

To begin with, we know from the *Fonti* that Lombardelli met Wotton through a mutual friend, Roberto Titi,<sup>3</sup> a Florentine advocate and poet, the author of several treatises on legal subjects which enjoyed an international reputation.<sup>4</sup>

It is difficult at times to ascertain from the literary productions of an age when hyperbole and panegyric were freely and indiscriminately lavished upon friends and patrons, what was an author's genuine opinion of a person upon whom he had poured his choicest terms of praise. Yet it is possible to perceive through the euphuistic finery of Lombardelli's laudations of Wotton, a warm, if perhaps somewhat patronizing, feeling of admiration for the brilliant scholarly gifts of the young Englishman, and particularly for his knowledge of languages and his accomplishments as a classical scholar, scientist, and student of architecture.<sup>5</sup> Wotton's age (he was then only twenty-four years old) and his being in the possession of too slender means to be able to indulge in literary patronage,<sup>6</sup> also confirm this; for Lombardelli can scarcely have hoped to derive any material advantage from his connection with the brilliant, but by no means wealthy, Englishman. During his stay in Siena, Wotton met Lombardelli several

<sup>1</sup> *Opere di Torquato Tasso* (Venice, 1735-9), vol. iii, pp. 132-3. The date 1592 given at the end of the *Fonti* must be according to the old style, then still current in Tuscany, since Wotton only reached Siena in the autumn of 1592.

<sup>2</sup> *I Fonti*, sig. L8v.

<sup>3</sup> *I Fonti*, p. 4.

<sup>4</sup> Titi became eventually Professor at Bologna, and then at Pisa, where he died in 1609 (Pearsall Smith, *op. cit.*, vol. I, p. 22, n. 3). The following treatise, Yvo Villiomarus, *In locos controversos Roberti Titi animadversorum liber*, (Paris, 1586), shows the reputation enjoyed by Titi outside Italy.

<sup>5</sup> *I Fonti*, pp. 3, 106, 112. When still a student in Oxford, Wotton had written three Latin discourses *De Oculo* (Pearsall Smith, *op. cit.* vol. I, p. 5) which indicate his interest in science at the time. At a later date Wotton wrote *The Elements of Architecture*, which were published in 1625.

<sup>6</sup> Wotton was in debt while in Siena; cf. Pearsall Smith, *op. cit.*, vol. I, p. 290.

times,<sup>1</sup> and visited his house more than once.<sup>2</sup> Literary topics were often touched on in their conversations together, and it is perhaps safe to suggest that Tasso, a great favourite with both of them,<sup>3</sup> was amongst the contemporary men of letters whose achievement they discussed. Classical scholarship also provided them with topics of conversation, and the *Fonti* furnish us with a glimpse of Wotton discussing with Lombardelli the works of Henry Estienne and other grammarians on the Greek language.<sup>4</sup>

Although he was already acquainted with the Italian language,<sup>5</sup> Wotton was most anxious to perfect his knowledge of it as much as possible. For such a task Siena was obviously an ideal place. It was the only place in Italy where the local university had a chair of Tuscan language. This chair founded in 1588 by Ferdinando de Medici, Grand-duke of Tuscany, at the request of German students studying there, was then occupied by the well known grammarian Diomede Borghesi,<sup>6</sup> whose chief duties appear to have been the instruction of foreign students.<sup>7</sup> Besides this, it was in Siena that according to many competent judges the best Tuscan was spoken. Needless to say, such a claim did not meet with universal acceptance in other parts of Tuscany; none the less it was endorsed by public opinion in the saying 'lingua toscana in bocca sanese'.<sup>8</sup> From Lombardelli's treatise we know that Wotton did not fail to avail himself of the opportunities offered to him. Indeed while in Siena he worked very hard at improving his Italian,<sup>9</sup> and knowing Lombardelli's intellectual interests, it may perhaps be safely suggested that he helped Wotton over some of the difficulties he was encountering, and that some of the topics dealt with in the *Fonti* had been actually discussed together by them before Lombardelli put them into writing. This of course may or may not be so; what is certain, however,

<sup>1</sup> *I Fonti*, pp. 3, 62-63, 112. That Wotton met Lombardelli in Siena is shown by *I Fonti*, pp. 62-3, in which a meeting of the two at Porta Tufi, the southern gate of Siena, is described.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* p. 112.

<sup>3</sup> Wotton was already interested in Tasso when still an undergraduate. It was while still at Oxford that he wrote the now lost *Tancredo*, a play based on the *Gerusalemme Liberata*, which, according to Izaak Walton was praised by G. B. Guarini, (*Reliquiae Wottonianae*, ed. I. Walton, 4th ed. (London, 1688), sig. b2v). This praise by Guarini suggests that perhaps this play was written in Italian.

<sup>4</sup> *I Fonti*, pp. 62-3. Lombardelli refers to himself in the account of this conversation as 'quel vostro amico'. That he meant himself is shown by the fact that 'quel vostro amico' was supposed to be preparing a book to be entitled *La semenza delle burle* (*Ibid.*, p. 62), since we know that this was a book on which Lombardelli was engaged at the time, (*Ibid.*, sig. + 5).

<sup>5</sup> According to Walton's biography, Wotton had started his Italian studies when still at Oxford, (*Reliquiae Wottonianae*, sig. b5v).

<sup>6</sup> Cf *Bullettino della società dantesca italiana*, n. s. xx (1913), p. 158.

<sup>7</sup> Borghesi's lecture notes for his courses as lecturer in Tuscan language are still preserved in the Biblioteca Pubblica, Siena. On these notes cf. P. Rossi, 'La prima cattedra di lingua toscana', *Studi Senesi*, xxvii, *passim*.

<sup>8</sup> Quoted in *I Fonti*, p. 29. Another version of it was 'lingua fiorentina in bocca sanese' (S. Bargagli, *Il Turamino ovvero del parlare, e dello scriver sanese*, (Siena, 1602), p. 107). Nowadays the saying has been changed into 'lingua toscana in bocca romana'.

<sup>9</sup> *I Fonti*, p. 5.

is that Lombardelli assured Wotton that he hoped that *I Fonti* would be of help to him in his study of Italian.<sup>1</sup>

Like so many of his contemporaries Wotton's interests were many-sided. He dabbled in science, and took a warm interest in architecture, and probably discussed both these subjects with Lombardelli, who, as we saw, admired Wotton for his scientific and architectural knowledge as well as for his literary accomplishments.<sup>2</sup> It was because of this that he showed to Wotton, if we are to believe what we are told in the *Fonti*, a cumbrous device, altogether a masterpiece of bad taste, which he had had prepared. This clumsy machine could be easily dismantled, and was meant to show, through some very naive symbolism, the influence exerted by Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, upon the vernacular of Tuscany. What Wotton may have thought of this truly amazing invention, which was shown to him in Lombardelli's study,<sup>3</sup> we do not know. As its extravagantly baroque structure reflected the euphuistic taste of the age, he may perhaps have been fascinated by it. However, no mention of it is to be found in his extant writings. In the *Fonti*, Lombardelli requested Wotton to take charge of this fantastic and cumbersome toy, and exhibit it in the countries he was going to visit<sup>4</sup> more or less in the same way in which Sir Nevile Wilkinson's 'Titania's Palace' is being shown nowadays. Whether such a request was made in earnest, or whether both request and model are merely fiction, we are not in the position to know. But, whatever the case may be, it is indicative of a hope in Lombardelli that Wotton might prove useful in propagating the knowledge of Tuscan abroad.

This is all that can be gathered about the relations between Wotton and Lombardelli from *I Fonti*. Whether Wotton attended any meetings of Sienese academies, whether he met other men of letters besides Lombardelli, for instance Belisario Bulgarini or Scipione Bargagli, the latter the translator of George Buchanan's *Jephthes* into Italian,<sup>5</sup> we do not know, and any conjecture about these points must so far remain unsupported by any positive evidence. Nor do we know, much as we would like to, whether he took away with him Lombardelli's 'toy'. On the other hand, we know that *I Fonti* eventually reached Wotton, and that he had a high opinion of this treatise.<sup>6</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> *I Fonti*, p. 5.

<sup>2</sup> *Supra*, p. 286.

<sup>3</sup> *I Fonti*, p. 112.

<sup>4</sup> *I Fonti*, p. 112.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 68. The fact that Wotton included not less than five works by Sienese writers in his list of Italian authors, printed in Pearsall Smith, *op. cit.*, vol. II, pp. 484-6, is also indicative of his contacts with literary circles during his stay in Siena.

<sup>6</sup> Wotton noted in his list of works by Italian writers 'I Fonti della lingua Toscana di Oratio Lombardelli Sanese, in 8° which I should much commend if it were not written to me' (Pearsall Smith, *op. cit.*, vol. II, p. 484). MS. (Bodleian Library) Rawlinson B 265, fo. 13v has the following note: 'I have also seen in the excellent library of Thomas Rawlinson Esqr of the Middle Temple F.R.S. a thin quarto book entitled De Fonti della Lingua Toscana Ragionamento d'Orazio Lombardelli Senese, Tranquillo Humoroso, to which is prefixed a letter dated 19 Aprill 1595 from Sr Henry Wotton to my Honorable Fryend Sr Maurice Berkley Knight'. Pearsall Smith, *op. cit.* vol. I, p. 22, n. 3, states 'I have not been able to find this volume'.



## SUCKLING'S IMITATION OF SHAKESPEARE

## A CAROLINE VIEW OF HIS ART

Sir John Suckling's *Goblins*, written with Shakespeare's *Tempest* in mind, but written for an audience in whom sentimental and heroic concepts of psychology and of drama had begun to prevail, is a play almost chaotically disunified in tone and method. But the very fact that two modes of play-writing and two types of expression are so clearly manifest in it makes it deserve to be looked at closely. For we can see in its imitation of Shakespeare something of what Shakespearean drama looked like to at least one intelligent courtier and gifted writer just before the closing of the theatres. And the presence of the heroic elements serves by contrast to make Suckling's aims clear in the Shakespearean parts.

Though the play was written with *The Tempest* in mind, the fundamental design and substance of the play are difficult to compare with those of *The Tempest* because of the intellectual and dramatic triviality of *The Goblins*. Suckling can catch the artistic temper of certain types of scene and speech; the informing design is quite beyond his reach, as it was to be beyond the reach of all the imitators. He blends a lyric love motif, complicated by elements of Fletcherian pathos and of Fletcherian heroic sentiment, with fragments of satire on the corruption of the court and with strands of his own cynicism in the sympathetic representation of cynical characters imitative of Shakespeare. But these varied elements do not illuminate each other, nor are they ordered and subordinated to any controlling theme or view of life as in *The Tempest*. Suckling's play suggests no central concern with moral and metaphysical issues. Rather the cynicism is at variance with such emotional illusion as the play creates. It reflects perhaps equally Suckling's own lack of structural power, and in his milieu the dissolution of that complex sense of life in which lyric and critical views of it are held together in organic unity. Suckling can feel irony, that is to say, as a rhetorical pattern but not as a view of life.

Suckling's real imitation of Shakespeare, then, is not to be found in general design. It is rather in certain lesser techniques. These are seen first, in the tone of certain characters and in the contribution of these characters to the temper of the play; in the technique of the scenes themselves; and in the imagery. It is these elements by which, despite the absence of structure and theme, the illusion of the play is created.

To consider, first, the persons. Here the most obvious and simple motif is the introduction in Act II of the comic sergeant in contrast to the romantic plot. It is rather thin fun. The characters of Nassurat and Pellagrin, though they are not consistent, have more substance. They represent the sardonic and cynical villain group from *The Tempest* and

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*Much Ado*, and like those in the latter play, they are apprehended by the clown constable. It may be noted that the brief wedding scene in which they are taken up is unnecessary to the plot proper and seems to exist solely for the development of these characters. Their tone was evidently one of the things Suckling cared most to establish in his play. The romantic dimensions of the play have for us no serious artistic reality and hence the contrast of Nassurat and Pellagrin with the idealistic elements lacks vitality. But, so far as this limitation allows, their comment in their own realistic key on the final unravelling of the play contributes an ironic note such as is brought to a Shakespearean play by men who care not for their spirits so their bones are not weary.

Their realism imitates also another aspect of Shakespeare's art; they draw not only from the sardonic villain, but from the Shakespearean clown minor character, such as the grave digger or hostler, whose homely talk of his own concerns brings the more purely psychological or romantic elements of the drama back into the dimensions of daily reality. Their talk of their own love during their escape with Samurat would seem to imitate Touchstone's reflections upon romantic love in the forest of Arden, though they substitute cheap cynicism for the earthiness of Touchstone. Thus in several ways they imitate Shakespeare's method of securing depth through contrast. Another character who also contributes to this sense of fullness is the poet. His character has no relation to plot, but amplifies that satire upon the court which is the motif of the scene in which the thieves make their arrests.

A number of the scenes in *The Goblins* also, as well as the characters, are Shakespearean in their technique of development. The method of exposition by which two minor characters enter in mid-dialogue and, in the course of seemingly casual talk, give us important comment on a main character or situation, may be thought to be generally Elizabethan or Jacobean and not particularly Shakespearean. But the effective suggestion of atmosphere by a slight detail has a Shakespearean note. In this way the Goblin thieves are first introduced to us:

*Enter Samurat and Orsabrin.*

Orsabrin: I'th shape of lions too, sometimes  
And bears?

The deft suggestions which create the wedding scene are another example. Or, to take an instance of an unmistakable echo, the singing of a catch in madness with the incoherent words from Edgar, 'The Prince of Darkness is a gentleman. Mahu, Mahu he's called'. This seems to me no random borrowing but the result, like the other elements I have named, of a definite conception of technique. Atmosphere, three dimensional realism,

ironic perspective, are to be secured by extra-plot characters and by brief scenes sketched with rapid and apparently casual, but really very deliberate, suggestion. They are part of what the later seventeenth century would have included within the fanciful elements of a play. In Shakespeare they have all some relation to the central theme and tone of a play. In Suckling they have in themselves almost the vitality which creates the illusion of life; but in their sum they are random and incoherent.

By the time of the Restoration when playwrights were trying to state certain abstract types of conflict of emotion in schematized characters, the power to see the relation of such scenes to a play was gone. Even had the attitudes toward life with which the Restoration was ready to deal been more profound, it must have excluded such atmospheric scenes from its formal patterns and counted them on the debit side of fancy's ledger. They seemed like fancy working outside the defined pattern of life or uncorrected by reason.

The imagery is the third Shakespearean element in *The Goblins*. To do justice to Suckling's imitation of Shakespeare's imagery, we must start with an observation about Shakespeare's imagery itself. In making this observation, I draw my illustrations from the imagery of *Hamlet* and not that of the specific plays Suckling imitated, for the reason that the range in *Hamlet* is wider; and the seventeenth-century writer did not rest his imitation of Shakespearean techniques upon a single play which he might have in mind, but upon his whole recollection of Shakespeare. This general working from Shakespeare obtained particularly where the imitation was creative and was not purely external.

The imagery of a Shakespearean play is not all of a single tone. We have to-day focused our attention so much upon the 'metaphysical' aspect of Shakespeare's imagery as the distinctive quality, that we are apt to forget that *Hamlet* contains other imagery than just that of Hamlet's own speech, the surge of life through his mind, or the similarly passion-driven imagery of those who see the ghost. A more formal and conceptual imagery is used to express the tender but sentimental mind of Ophelia in her talk with Laertes and in her reflections on Hamlet. And the exquisite, facile sensateness of Gertrude speaks in simple detail that has in it little of labouring thought. However, much as these styles vary with the personality of the speaker, and though not all are 'metaphysical', all are direct reflections of the psychology of the speaker. It is different with the Queen's description of Ophelia's death. To represent character is not the dramatic purpose of that speech; in it the dramatist himself speaks through the Queen, but not primarily in the Queen's character. He speaks to give directly to the audience and to Laertes a final impression of Ophelia's character that will motivate what follows. We are only beginning to-day to realize the

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theory of communication and the dramatic structure which allow the intrusion of such a technique into the play. If the lines are naturally spoken on the stage, we are conscious only of the effect, not of the technique. But it is one of the typical elements which have led many critics in the nineteenth century and still to-day to agree to the charge that Shakespeare lacked sufficient art. Suckling, in his time, we must infer, made no such judgment. He obviously felt, as we shall see, first that the peculiarly Shakespearean effect depended on abundance of imagery; and then he had some sort of sense, which the next generation had lost, for the adjustment of different sorts of imagery to differing characters, passions and situations.

The quality of Sabrina's diction is Suckling's most obvious imitation of his model. She has in her fluid imagery the 'feel' of Ophelia, of the simple and lyrically presented character rather than the character in whom intense thought and psychological struggle determine speech: 'Welcome, welcome, as open air to prisoners'; 'If from the stalk you pull this bud of virtue Before 'thas spread and shown itself abroad'. Both the character and its part in the action of Suckling's play are simple, and the imagery is consistently maintained. That the effect is merely generically lyrical, without any sense behind it of those differences in temperament and in past experience which divide an Ophelia from a Viola hardly needs saying; but that fact does not destroy the illusion of Sabrina, an illusion such as the after imitators never achieved.<sup>1</sup>

When we come to the speech of characters who have a more complex function, the lack in Suckling of scope and of a dramatic conception of character is more fatal. Orsabrín enters in Act II with some Hamlet-like reflections on death. At sight of Reginella he shifts into pastoral or Gertrude-upon-Ophelia-like ravings which he must have thought to be the decorous imagery for speaking of a romantic heroine or for expressing love. But they have no relation to his character and to his dramatic situation. It is not, I think, fantastic to see in them a reflection of the Perdita-Florizel flower passage or of Gertrude's words on Ophelia, the dramatic significance of which, however, he fails to catch. For he thinks of love imagery and sentiments generically, not of the language and emotion of a Florizel escaped from court to Perdita and the harvest festival.

When the leading male characters are in action, we meet with the imagery which to-day we call metaphysical, the imagery which represents

<sup>1</sup> Far less than the distinction between an Ophelia and a Viola, would he have caught the distinction between direct and symbolic representation as in the character of Marina, a type of presentation, which Mr. Tillyard has discussed recently in *Shakespeare's Last Plays*, Cambridge, 1936. The speech of the earlier heroines is more within the range of Suckling's own feeling and easier to catch. When he is put to imitate Ferdinand, he falls into conceit and fustian, for he cannot imitate speech that is not figurative. 'Orsabrín: Have you a name too? Reginella: Why do you ask? Or: Because I'd call upon it in a storm, and save a ship from perishing sometimes'.

the flow of experience and thought meeting in a dramatically self-aware consciousness and transforming themselves into passion and action. Suckling does his best to get the effect of such immediate representation, of thought integrated in action or of immediate transfer of emotion from the experiences and objects of daily life to the world of personal value:

And can you hate at no less rate than death?

My body is a jade  
I feel it tire and languish under me.

Those thoughts came to my soul  
Like screech-owls to a sick man's window.

The homely image is not absent, as when one of the thieves calls a courtier:

A foolish utensil of state  
Which like old plate upon a gaudy day  
'Sbrought forth to make a show, and that is all.

But it is no less true of such images in Suckling than of the lyric ones that they lack the stamp of individual character. No character speaks from a more thought-laden or more richly stored mind than any other or a mind conscious of more planes of experience; nor has any the mark of his own past and his own selection of life upon him. And indeed, how should they? For can a man imitate consciousness on levels he has not known? The nearest we do come to such a personal stamp of speech is in the speech of the two characters closest to some aspects of Suckling's own temperament. Nassurat and Pellagrin in the fourth act mingle poetic energy with the betraying touch of realism and slyness which marks their cynicism:

Now I am as weary  
As a married man after the first week  
And have no more desire to move forwards  
Than a post-horse that has passed his first stage.  
'Sfoot—yonder's the night too, stealing away  
With her black gown about her.

The images we have been talking of come from scenes of romantic, lyric love, or of action and passion. But Suckling has imposed upon these active elements of the play also some elements which come from the play based on the conflict of love and honour developed in a series of discussions. In such scenes inevitably the speech is that of simple definition rather than diction concrete and rich in image.

Now I have forgot which side I'm on.  
No matter.  
I'll help the weakest.  
There's some justice in that.

Thou dost beget in me desire to live,  
For when I find how much I am behind

In noble act of friendship,  
I cannot choose but wish for longer time, that I might  
Struggle with you.

Character grouping and imagery are parallel evidence, in two aspects of the play, as to Suckling's view of Shakespeare. It is impossible to judge how conscious were Suckling's definitions, and how much his work depended upon intuition.<sup>1</sup> For most important seventeenth-century criticism up to Dryden is unrecorded, and half of Dryden himself must be read between the lines. It seems clear at least that Suckling had a sense of the difference between a drama of action and passion and a logical drama. That he did not see that they could not be wrought into one play is but to say that he had failed to see the significance of the drama of action and passion as Shakespeare had developed it. For the fundamental spiritual or psychological adventure of the individual had ceased to have central meaning for him, as had the individual moral approach to the problems of a great society. And Suckling's dramatic power is too slight to tell us whether the arrangement of scenes and characters to suggest various planes of life was a pure æsthetic response to Shakespeare's full-bodied quality or whether it represented a genuinely troubled sense of a world more complex than could be defined in the simple social pattern of order which the coming age of reason was to impose on it. I believe, however, that we ought to infer that he distinguished in theory as well as by feeling between the language of 'action', the language of lyric sentiment, and the language of reflection. If he had been pushed, it is quite conceivable that he might have said that his representation of the passages of action sprang directly from a well-stored imagination, but that the passages of reflection were the work of judgment. And this would not have been a depreciation of imagination.

*The Goblins* is of immense interest in showing how, in the midst of the rising triumph of the drama of heroic sentiment, men of the mid-century actually experienced Shakespeare. And it is very fruitful for our understanding of how Dryden approached Shakespeare two generations later.

RUTH WALLERSTEIN.

### SCOTT'S *ANTIQUARY*

It is known that the text of the Waverley Novels needs much attention and has received very little. A recent very perfunctory reading of *The Antiquary* has suggested to me that this text may be somewhat faulty.

I read the second edition (1816), which presumably retains any serious errors that may have been in the first, published in the same year.

<sup>1</sup> One could gather a certain amount of slight, tantalizing evidence to show how much of Shakespeare men knew by heart in the seventeenth century.



Vol. I, Ch. 2, p. 29 (of the second edition): *shared* is an obvious error for *showed*, and has been corrected in reprints.

Vol. II, Ch. 2, p. 42: *Sir Robert* for *Sir Arthur* (Wardour) is perhaps an author's slip. It has been corrected.

Vol. II, Ch. 3, the story of the Harz Demon. We are told on p. 68 that George Waldeck crossed 'the rivulet which divided the glen' and saw the demon. On p. 73, that 'With the same success as his brother George, but with courage far superior, Martin crossed the brook'. The word *success* does not seem apt; it is not suggested that the crossing offered any physical difficulties, and George had no other *success*; all that happened was that 'his heart sunk within him' when he recognized the demon. But I may fail to follow Scott's thought.

Vol. II, Ch. 4, p. 95: *the three strands of the conversation, to speak the language of a rope-work*. Possibly *worker*.

Vol. III, Ch. 7, p. 150: *Lord Glenallan wrung his hands in token of grateful acquiescence* gives the wrong sense. Scott probably wrote *hand*; but he may have meant that Lord G. shook *both* Oldbuck's hands. Modern editions read *wrung the Antiquary's hand*.

Vol. III, Ch. 9, p. 189: *Aulalaria* for *Aulularia*.

Vol. III, Ch. 9, p. 196: *Omne cum Proteus pecus agitare Visere montes*. This is Horace, Odes I. ii. 7. It is possible, I think not probable, that Scott was capable of the false quantity *agitare*. It is more likely that *agitare* is a misreading of the true reading *egit altos*.

Vol. III, Ch. 11, p. 229: Scott quotes Juvenal, and the text contains two grave howlers: *vultus agnoscit*, which is unmetrical, for *vultum agnoscit*, and *cum quos* for *cum quo*.

Some of these passages show haste in proof-reading.

I come now to the *Advertisement*, where I entertain a doubt which may be thought over-bold. The manuscript of *The Antiquary* has survived; but it is not now accessible, and I do not even know if the *Advertisement* is with the rest. Temporarily, therefore, thought is free.

The passage in question (p. vii) deals with the language attributed to the *lower orders* and especially to Edie Ochiltree.

*The antique force and simplicity of their language often tintured with the oriental eloquence of Scripture, in the mouths of those of an elevated understanding, give pathos to their grief, and dignity to their resentment.*

In the context *elevated* should naturally mean *elevated by education* or the like. I cannot think it likely that Scott ascribed that kind of elevation to his mendicant. I suspect a lacuna; if Scott wrote *seldom in the mouths*, the word *seldom* might easily drop out. The sentence would not be elegant, but Scott is often clumsy. I am very doubtful of the probability of the guess, but rather more confident that some correction is wanted. R. W. CHAPMAN.



THE MOTIVATION OF SHELLEY'S *PROMETHEUS UNBOUND*

The problem of *Prometheus Unbound* is to some extent the problem of all poetry. It is the problem of a continuity that is emotional rather than expository, of a form and emphasis dictated by inner impulse rather than traditional arrangement. Design, such as it is, is the consequence of feeling; and the function of criticism is to translate and not define, to so direct the critical emphasis that it corresponds to the emotional significance.

The aim, in other words, is to socialize a semi-private experience. This involves correcting both for the personal use of form and of language; and to the extent that the motivation is not self-contained it may involve extrapolation from an incident or a philosophy. This last expedient, however, is unnecessary with *Prometheus Unbound*. The causation is unorthodox but complete, and the principal obstacle to understanding is the statement.

A mechanical reformulation may remove this difficulty. We begin with a system organized on the basis of evil, and a force within it whose resistance to evil is determined not by understanding but by defiance. Zeus is symbolized by thunderstorms, rivets and furies; Prometheus, at this stage, by the curse. The equilibrium thus defined is perverted but stable, and can be altered by nothing except a fundamental change in the nature of one of its opponents.

The stalemate continues for three thousand years, by which time suffering has taught Prometheus wisdom. He is learning not to hate and even to pity. But his new found sympathy is haunted by the language of revenge.<sup>1</sup> The vision he has is instinctive, inarticulate and groping to comprehension. It has yet to be defined and the calling up of the phantasms is the first attempt to consciously define it. To put the curse in the mouth of Jupiter's ghost is a subtle commentary on Jove's essence no less dramatic because it is incipient, an identification of a curse with a phantom, a judgment in the shadowland of thought.<sup>2</sup> It is Prometheus's first act of understanding; and its consequences are evident in the recantation where, in wishing 'no living thing to suffer pain', he moves from the specific to the universal, and from the crudely destructive to the latently creative.

Through the closely packed dialogue with the Furies this growth in com-

<sup>1</sup> Disdain! Ah no! I pity thee. What ruin  
Will hunt thee undefended through wide Heaven!  
How will thy soul, cloven to its depth with terror  
Gape like a hell within! I speak in grief,  
Not exultation, for I hate no more,  
As then ere misery made me wise (I. i. 53-8).

<sup>2</sup> This interpretation is supported by I. i. 603-4:  
O, horrible! Thy name I will not speak,  
It hath become a curse.

prehension progresses. The Prometheus of the first sixty lines suffered for himself, endured personal agony for the sake of a personal revenge. The new Prometheus is going out of himself. He is putting himself 'in the place of another and of many others'.<sup>1</sup> What afflicts him is not a limited, physical anguish but a universal moral perversion. The veil at I. i. 538 is, as always, symbolic. With its tearing aside Prometheus penetrates to the contorted essence of a system where, in the words of the Furies,

The wise want love; and those who love want wisdom;  
And all best things are thus confused to ill.

The Furies are indifferent because they consider this axiomatic. Prometheus pities them for their limitations. They flee; and in the moment of deepest tribulation the Titan is conscious of his power.

This is defeat, fierce king, not victory.

Evil has doomed itself by the laws of its being. Its application has revealed its essence. The minions of Zeus have stripped the veil. They have brought the torment of winged snakes, but in the mind of a nature larger than themselves terror can do no more than illuminate the transience of the values they accept.<sup>2</sup> That is why, in his very next speech Prometheus can define the essential antithesis. The existing values of strife, deceit, and fear are to be replaced by truth, liberty, and love<sup>3</sup> (648-55). The chorus (704-8) describes Prometheus as loving. Since, in his first lamentation, he described himself as wise, it is clear that the Furies' axioms are no longer valid. Defiance which is no more than the will's refusal to accept defeat, has turned into the understanding which is conscious power. What is conceived in mind must be performed in matter. Prometheus, who has taken to himself the frustration and sorrow of the universe is at last in a position to give it back its glory.

The second and third acts are the statement of this redemption. They will be meaningless to us as they have been meaningless to others unless we realize that the love of Prometheus is something poured into nature, consuming, transforming and devouring its identity.

The overpowering light  
Of that immortal shape was shadowed o'er  
By love; which from his soft and flowing limbs,

<sup>1</sup> See 'A Defence of Poetry' (*English Critical Essays: Nineteenth Century*, ed. Edmund D. Jones, p. 132).

<sup>2</sup> The snake is normally the symbol of evil. But Shelley frequently reverses this usage. The snakes themselves may be instruments of torture, but the wings imply that they are carriers of understanding.

<sup>3</sup> See III. iv. 186. 'Flattering the thing they feared, which fear was hate'. The substitution of hate for fear would simplify the contrast, which would then be strife against liberty, deceit against truth, hate against love. Apart from the lines already quoted from the Furies' Scene, Shelley has not hitherto used the word love—a piece of restraint too remarkable to be unconscious.

And passion-parted lips, and keen, faint eyes  
 Streamed forth like vaporous fire; an atmosphere  
 Which wrapped me in its all dissolving power . . .  
 I saw not, heard not, moved not, only felt  
 His presence flow and mingle through my blood  
 Till it became my life and his grew mine (II. i. 71-82).<sup>1</sup>

This is the wine which overflows into Asia's golden chalice.<sup>2</sup> This is the voice which calls on her to follow. This is the stream which swirls her soul to its redemption. What is happening now, is very much the complement of what happened in the first act. Prometheus has gone out of his nature. His mind has become the mind of the universe and its message therefore must penetrate to all existence. To universalize the mental re-organization of Prometheus is, as I see it, the function of Asia. To transmit the revolution of mind to the revolution of matter is, as I see it, the business of Demogorgon. It is essential to understand this, to understand that Asia goes to Demogorgon not to be informed but to inform, not to ask questions but to state ideas, not to extend but to realize her knowledge. Only then can his unchartered energy act, only then can it soar in the service of creation.

This is an unorthodox interpretation, and it may therefore be necessary to establish it in detail. Demogorgon is eternity. He is the totality of time and professes to be the totality of knowledge. He can answer all questions which Asia dares to ask. His oracular vapour is the wine of life. His voice is contagion to the world, wind among woods, wakening oblivion. He is a presence without a shape, a sun whose rays are darkness, a chanter of the spells of empire, a son of Jupiter mightier than Jove. This is a collection so depressingly heterogeneous, that even Mr. Yeats is forced to admit defeat. 'Demogorgon made his plot incoherent, his interpretation impossible.' Demogorgon is a concession to Shelley's sense of the macabre.<sup>3</sup> This, I am afraid, is not so. Demogorgon lives in a cave, because a cave is dramatically more appropriate than Bayswater. The symbol of the veil (II. iii. 59 and II. iv. 1) should warn us about this. It should warn us that Demogorgon is finality, that we can look into but not beyond him. More, the words 'oracular vapour', 'wine of life', 'contagion'<sup>4</sup> suggest that Demogorgon stands in much the same relation to physical existence as the mind of

<sup>1</sup> See also *Adonais*:

that sustaining love  
 Which through the web of being blindly wove. . . .  
 Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.

*Adonais* loses his identity in nature, and Shelley his own in *Nature-cum-Adonais*.

<sup>2</sup> See I. i. 809:

Asia! who, when my being overflowed,  
 Wert like a golden chalice to bright wine . . .

<sup>3</sup> W. B. Yeats, *Essays*, 1931-36, Essay on *Prometheus Unbound*.

<sup>4</sup> See II. iii. 1-10.

Prometheus to the nature of Asia. The other characteristics correspond to something very like a universalized unconsciousness, energy made potent in the process of inquiry, knowledge precipitated as a base for action. He is the sun only as a source of energy; his rays are darkness because they are not intended to illumine; he is shapeless because infinity has no shape. In relation however to a specific mission, in carrying out the overthrow of Zeus he can, and does, take a specific form. The lines, 'Eternity! Demand no direr name', and 'I am thy child as thou wert Saturn's child; mightier than thee', are quite compatible if it is remembered that the one refers to Demogorgon's active element, the other to his passive totality.

Demogorgon, then, is the link between thought and action. He is the word and the deed in simultaneous suspension. He is at once the oracle, the repository of knowledge, and the servant of the ideas he is called upon to state. Asia at this point (II. iv.) is not interrogatory but evocative. The logic of her questionnaire lies in the planned elimination of alternatives and the remorseless elicitation of a preconceived response. She first enumerates the elements of being—thought, reason, passion, will, and sensory perception. These Demogorgon declares were made by God. Asia then states the principle of perversion. Demogorgon replies that it reigns, thereby implying that it need not reign for ever. Asia proposes to destroy it with hatred: Demogorgon, aware that this is impossible, reiterates his answer. Asia's next question is not a query but a statement. Saturn fell because he refused the world its birthright of knowledge. Jove is knowledge lawless, faithless, and perverted to evil. Prometheus is knowledge loving, understanding, and harmonized to good. Jupiter trembles like a slave before Prometheus. What then is the principle to which is enslaved? Demogorgon's answer makes it clear that Jove is the victim of his own experience. Asia now asks, 'Whom Calledst thou God?' Demogorgon replies:

I spoke but as ye speak,

For Jove is the supreme of living things (II. iv. 112-3).

As there is eternity beyond life there is power beyond Jove. Asia can categorically demand,

Who is the master of the slave?

To which Demogorgon replies,

What to bid speak

Fate, Time, Occasion, Chance, and Change? To these

All things are subject but eternal Love.

The principle of the new world has been stated by its architect; and Asia only knows what the oracle of her heart has told her (121-5). This is conclusive evidence that she did not come to question. She has given Demogorgon his basis for action; and there is nothing miraculous, nothing abrupt in the appearance of the Car of the Hour.

At this point the motivation proper ends, but some of its implications can be discerned in the catastrophe. Jove is dethroned in the middle of a calamitously foolish oration (III. i. 51 ff.). He is not, be it noted, destroyed. He is not annihilated. He returns to the abyss with Demogorgon, there to be part of the universe's passive content. The Spirit of the Hour makes this explicit:

The tools

And emblems of its last captivity,  
Stand, not o'erthrown, but unregarded now (III. iv. 176 ff.).

Evil has not perished. It has merely become irrelevant, and Demogorgon in his sublime peroration is not blind to the possibility of its return, if Eternity should free the Serpent in the cause of hate, as Demogorgon freed it in the cause of love.<sup>1</sup> If evil should be once more an impulse of behaviour, the remedy is to love and to endure. This is the passionate centre of Shelley's philosophy, penetrating his poetry, arming his belief, soaring like the constant stars of his conception, into the radiance of his prophetic sight. It is the emotional faith which integrates *Prometheus*. We may deny its validity. We may criticize its proportions. We may assail the method and deprecate the vision. We may dislike what we do not understand, and not understand what we dislike. But we must recognise the mind behind the project. We must give our intellectual, if not our total, assent to the coherence of an emotionally valid plan.

B. RAJAN.

<sup>1</sup> The relevant quotations are;

That the Eternal, the Immortal,  
Must unloose through life's portal  
The snake-like Doom coiled underneath his throne (II. iii. 95-7);

And if, with infirm hand, Eternity,  
Mother of many acts and hours, should free  
The serpent that would clasp her with his length (IV. 565-7);  
and possibly

We two will sink on the wild waves of ruin,  
Even as a vulture and a snake outspent  
Drop, twisted in inextricable fight,  
Into a shoreless sea (III. i. 71-4).

The vulture lives on dead flesh—Jupiter on dead ideas. The snake kills. But in killing the superfluous it regenerates. The two drop 'twisted in inextricable fight' into the shoreless sea of Demogorgon's passive totality. Jupiter, in the moment of his doom, has subconsciously recognized its nature.



## REVIEWS

**George Gascoigne, Elizabethan Courtier, Soldier, and Poet.** By A. T. PROUTY. New York: Columbia University Press; London: H. Milford. 1942. Pp. xii+351. 25s. net.

The recognition of the historical importance of George Gascoigne's literary work is largely due to the labours of American scholars (chiefly Dr. Cunliffe and Professor Schelling), and Dr. Prouty's book aims at gathering up what they have discovered and on that foundation giving 'an explanation of (Gascoigne's) life and writings'. The 'life', it should be noticed, is to Dr. Prouty quite as important as the 'writings'. He desires to understand the man, 'to know as well as we can, why Gascoigne wrote as he did and why he chose the subjects that he did' in order to 'approximate from afar the critical judgement of his age and that of his great successors'. He holds, moreover, that 'a knowledge of Gascoigne's life aids in our comprehension of his work and, almost more important, it reveals at least one social pattern of Elizabethan England'; and with Professor Berdan he believes that though 'fully to appreciate the unconscious and unexpressed motives for [the Elizabethans'] actions is impossible', yet 'the degree of our success in achieving this impossibility measures the value of our literary judgements'. The force of the phrase 'literary judgements' in this place is not quite clear: if it means verdicts on the absolute value of pieces of literature the dictum appears to be an extreme example of what has been called 'the personal heresy' in literature, a heresy which the reviewer holds to be very dangerous because it has led and still leads so many able scholars and sensitive literary critics to waste their time and gifts on ferreting out the irrelevant and too often unsavoury details of the temporal lives not only of the authors they are studying, but of the irrelevant shady characters who crossed their paths. Even when it is the private side of the life of the author himself, the value of such particulars for understanding his work is more than doubtful. It is true that affection for an author does cast a charm around his writings, if they are of a frankly subjective type, and occasionally gives a clue to their value. The obvious example is Charles Lamb. On the other hand it is not true that a knowledge of Milton's unkindness to his daughters affords any light on the poetic quality of *Paradise Lost*. Neither do Gascoigne's financial troubles nor his rather questionable treatment of his stepchildren throw any light on his literary works. That he was a literary pioneer in such an amazing variety of directions at his particular date and in the sordid bewilderment of his short life—he seems to have been only about forty when he died—is a testimony to considerable genius and force of character, but Dr. Prouty has not succeeded in making him a sympathetic figure, and the double purpose of his book is a little confusing to the reader, and has led the author to cover a good deal of ground more than once.

The book falls into two parts: the first four chapters deal with the life under the headings—The Youth, The Worldling, The Soldier, The Repentant Sinner; while in the second part we have The Court Poet, The Dramatist, The Narrator and The Moralist. The second part is the more interesting, and par-



ticularly the two chapters on the dramatist and the narrator in which a multiplicity of small details are utilized to bring out Gascoigne's artistic ideals and methods. Perhaps the only place where Dr. Prouty slightly underrates his subject's merit is in discussing *The Glasse of Government*. The style of this prose play has clearly given something to Euphuism, and the plot has inspired the *Eastward Ho!* of Chapman, Jonson, and Marston, and through them had an influence on the domestic drama of the eighteenth century.

The main literary question for the student of Gascoigne is the authorship of the different parts of *The Hundreth Sundrie Flowers* and, as a corollary, the source of the story called in the original edition 'The Adventures of Master F.J.'. The Preface to the edition of 1573 speaks of the book as containing the work of several authors, and the whole arrangement of the matter bears this out, though poems assigned to Gascoigne predominate. The edition of 1575 called *The Posies of George Gascoigne Esquire* contains substantially the same work but claims that all were written by Gascoigne though some for other men. When in January 1927 the late Dr. McKerrow reviewed for *R.E.S.* the reprint of *The Hundreth Sundrie Flowers* edited by Captain B. M. Ward, he inclined to the opinion—in opposition to Captain Ward—that the poems were all by Gascoigne, but that, as Gascoigne claimed, some had been written on commission for friends. Dr. Prouty apparently agrees, but he defers his discussion of the question till his forthcoming edition of *The Hundreth Sundrie Flowers*. He does not, however, quite leave the question alone, and he is not only clear about Gascoigne's authorship of all the works in the book but determined that prose and poetry alike are an exact record of Gascoigne's own experience. He is particularly anxious to prove that the hero of 'The Adventures of Master F.J.' is the poet himself. Here is the insidious influence of the 'personal heresy': he thinks to prove the authorship of what he regards as the most important composition by showing that it is an account of the poet's own adventures. Some of the detail of the argument is itself open to question. For example, in poems certainly referring to Gascoigne he is called *Long George*, which undoubtedly means that he was a tall man. Dr. Prouty goes on: 'Similar mention of the poet's stature is found in his tract *The Spoyle of Antwerpe*. "In fine, I gotte up like a tall fellow". Now 'tall' here almost certainly does not refer to his height, but has the common Elizabethan sense of 'doughty', 'gallant', meant probably ironically. For the poet has been trampled on by the fleeing Flemings, and he gets up and saves himself by mingling with the ignominious rout. Height has nothing to do with it. And this seems to be also the meaning in the passage from 'The Adventures of Master F.J.' where the hero is called 'a tall gentleman'. Master F.J.'s friend describes sarcastically a dream in which she 'met with a tall Gentleman, apparelled in a night gowne of silke all embroadered about with a garde of naked swords'. He was, that is to say, a splendid, and, she pretends, an alarming apparition.

The present reviewer agrees with Dr. Prouty in the attribution to Gascoigne of this early novel, and in the importance he attaches to it, an importance well brought out by his careful study. But the idea that an author usually describes and can only describe incidents that have occurred within his own personal experience is completely fallacious. Dr. Prouty says of one episode in the story: 'Certainly no one would relate to another the details of this passage'. That is possibly true—though on his own hypothesis Gascoigne is relating it to the whole world—but there is nothing to prevent Gascoigne's having introduced an

episode from his own experience into another man's love adventure. In the case of the highly compromising night encounter, which was deleted in the 'Posies' version as being too scandalous, it is likely that this is what he had done. If Gascoigne on the outline of a conventional Mistress-Servant story, in which the chief figures were important personages easily recognizable, superimposed episodes from his own far less innocent adventures, the scandal would obviously be great.

That Gascoigne's story is not the slavish record of contemporary experience and gossip, is suggested by traces of literary borrowings. The general method—the relation of certain episodes in poems written by the hero followed or preceded by the account of the same episode in prose—is borrowed from Dante's *Vita Nuova*. The visit of the ladies to the love-sick Ferdinando in his chamber suggests that of Eleyne the Queene to Troilus. The meaningless business of Ferdinando's sword is probably due to the part played by Hippolytus' sword in Seneca's *Phædra*. Works of art normally draw from a large variety of sources, among which the artist's personal experience, though no doubt persistent, is often a mere thread. It is the manipulation of a great number of such elements from life, from reading, from fantasy, that gives breadth and depth of value.

J. SPENS.

**Marlowe's Tamburlaine. A Study in Renaissance Moral Philosophy.** By ROY W. BATTENHOUSE. Nashville: Vanderbilt University Press. 1941. Pp. xiv + 266.

Was Christopher Marlowe an *agent provocateur* or a government spy double-crossing his employers? Was he, as contemporary gossip suggested, an atheist; or was he, as the Privy Council affirmed, an orthodox Elizabethan Protestant? An attempt to answer these questions led Mr. R. W. Battenhouse to re-examine *Tamburlaine* in the hope of supplementing the inconclusive and ambiguous historical evidence. But Marlowe's play could not be used to throw light on Marlowe's beliefs until the problem of the author's relationship to his hero had been solved, and this, in turn, involved detailed examination of the Elizabethan attitude both to religion and to the drama. *Marlowe's Tamburlaine. A Study in Renaissance Moral Philosophy* is therefore divided into two parts, in the first of which the author's aim 'has been to provide a discriminating map of the great tradition of Reformation Humanism, somewhere within which Marlowe seems to me to belong', while the second is devoted to the 'Anatomy of *Tamburlaine*', and especially to a careful study of historical sources, of the survival of mediæval 'morality elements' and of the influence of Seneca, Spenser and Machiavelli. The result is a complete reversal of the usual verdict. Most modern critics assume that Marlowe is using *Tamburlaine* as a mouthpiece for his own heretical humanism, that his world-conqueror is essentially a *poet* whose ruthless quest for an 'earthly-crown' is really only an inadequate and unhappily chosen symbol for the pursuit of an unattainable beauty. As against this Mr. Battenhouse asserts that Marlowe adhered to the mediæval and Elizabethan practice of using drama for moral teaching rather than for self-expression, and that, writing as an orthodox Protestant, he *condemned* his hero and regarded his death as a signal instance of that penal justice of God which often manifested itself in 'psychological infelicity' rather than in any strikingly violent retribution. The prevalence of the opposite view he attributes to the fact that critics such as Miss Ellis-Fermor

study the drama, 'not with the eyes of an Elizabethan, to whom ambition was sin, but with the eyes of a modern, to whom upward striving is noble'.

World-conquerors are not very popular just now and a protest against the romanticizing of one of the most blood-thirsty even of Elizabethan tragic heroes was sooner or later to be expected. Many of Mr. Battenhouse's arguments are indeed unanswerable, and he is surely right in pointing out that since Tamburlaine's deliberate quest for an 'earthly crown' furnishes the whole plot of the play, no interpretation which minimizes it can be regarded as satisfactory. His insistence on the survival of mediæval ideas in Elizabethan religion and of the methods of the morality play in Elizabethan drama is equally sound.

Mr. Battenhouse, however, is more successful in demolition than in reconstruction. His treatment of the Elizabethan background, though well-documented and full of interesting material, is confused and—especially in view of the high claims made—seriously incomplete. Since it is part of the main thesis of the book that Marlowe is writing as an orthodox Protestant humanist, it is important that the author should establish the existence and examine the nature of this 'orthodoxy'. His attempts to do so, however, are not re-assuring. His chief conclusion is that the age 'was predominantly an age of Moral Philosophy', 'that the Elizabethan Compromise is marked by at least three tendencies . . . an increased use of reason rather than dogma in the defence of religion; a liberalizing of the Catholic notion of revelation; and a tendency to define religion in terms of conduct rather than of creed'. But surely this is an account of the views of a modern Broad Churchman rather than of a sixteenth-century Protestant with his fierce insistence on salvation by faith only and on the infallible authority of the Bible. Nor do his remarks on Hooker suggest a very profound acquaintance with Elizabethan theology. 'Hooker, Anglicanism's foremost spokesman, held that the certainty of the essential truths of Christianity could be established by Reason. He argued that the greatest moral duties we owe towards God or man "may without any great difficulty be concluded" out of certain self-evident principles universally agreed upon. It was a cardinal tenet of Protestant humanism that Christians ought to conquer not by arms but by the persuasive force of truth'. This statement is most misleading. First, it implies that in defending reason Hooker was a spokesman not only of Anglicanism but of 'Protestant humanism', (a term which for Mr. Battenhouse includes both French Calvinism and English Puritanism), whereas Hooker was defending the cause of Reason *against* the Puritan insistence on the Bible as the *only* valid guide to conduct. Secondly, Hooker did *not* hold that 'the essential truths of Christianity could be established by Reason'. On the contrary, he held that many essential truths of Christianity were concerned with the restoration to man of the supernatural blessedness which he lost at the Fall, and that truths of this kind could only be made known by revelation and operative by grace. In fact neither the Puritans nor 'Anglicanism's foremost spokesman' equated the 'essential truths of Christianity' with 'the moral duties we owe toward God or man' to the extent suggested.

If Mr. Battenhouse's treatment of Elizabethan orthodoxy is sometimes misleading, his treatment of Elizabethan heresy is gravely inadequate. He underestimates the prevalence of unorthodox speculation, and, whereas on p. 61 he ascribes Raleigh's enunciation of a Christian platitude to 'Platonism', he takes no notice at all of the really heretical Platonism propounded by Giordano Bruno and almost certainly known to Raleigh and his circle. When Tamburlaine tells us

that he revolts against Jupiter *because* he himself is made in the same divine mould he is voicing a belief incompatible with either Aristotelianism or with Christian orthodoxy, but not unlike the pantheistic materialism of the Italian philosopher. In the *Spaccio della Bestia Trionfante* rebellion against established deities is treated sympathetically, and study of *Gli Eroi Furori* (a sonnet-sequence addressed to Sir Philip Sidney) makes it difficult to agree that all writers of the time were bound to regard ambitious aspiration as a crime. It is, therefore, unfortunate that Mr. Battenhouse fails to examine recent theories as to Bruno's influence on the so-called 'School of Night' to which Marlowe is supposed to have belonged.

The weakest point in the 'Anatomy of *Tamburlaine*' is the treatment of the ending of the play. It is essential to the argument that the hero's death should be penal and accompanied by 'psychological infelicity'. But is it? *Tamburlaine*, so far from experiencing any moral collapse, soon rallies from his first despondency and treats his approaching end as the inauguration of a new triumph. There is nothing here comparable to the poetic justice meted out to Shakespeare's Richard III, to Webster's Bracciano, to Tournear's Atheist, or, for that matter, to Marlowe's own Dr. Faustus. Mr. Battenhouse tries in vain to buttress his arguments by stressing the influence of Seneca, and by taking *Hercules Furens* as a parallel instance of divine nemesis overtaking blasphemous titanism. His (i.e. Hercules') self-imposed misery begins in his desire for conquest, reaches a climax in the blasphemous proposal to invade heaven, and results finally in killing his own son. . . . Atreus in Seneca's *Thyestes* is another example of successful villainy . . . that goes outwardly unpunished'. But Seneca's Hercules is not 'a successful villain', nor is his misery 'self-imposed'. On the contrary, his misery is due to Juno's envy; his 'villainy' is involuntary and bitterly regretted; when sane he is a foe to tyrants, a friend of humanity and a devout, filial servant of God who prays that 'deep peace may brood upon the nations'. In fact a greater contrast to *Tamburlaine* could hardly be found.

Mr. Battenhouse does not seem to me to have proved his point. He has, however, indicated a fruitful line of research. He has asked the right questions and proposed topics for discussion which are of importance not only to all lovers of Marlowe but to all students of Elizabethan life and thought.

ENID WELSFORD.

'*Pathomachia*'. An Edition by PAUL EDWARD SMITH. Washington D.C.: The Catholic University of America Press. 1942. Pp. x+182. [No price given.]

This academic morality play was published in 1630 'by a Friend of the deceased Author'. A limited reprint of this quarto was issued in Edinburgh in 1887. Now Dr. P. E. Smith of the Catholic University of America has published an edition with detailed introduction and notes in the form of a Ph.D. dissertation. As is frequent in such theses, he has dealt, as I think, unnecessarily fully with the earlier wrong-headed attempts to identify the author of this anonymous play. The only candidate with a claim to serious consideration is Thomas Tomkis, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, whose name was put forward by G. C. Moore Smith in 1906. Tomkis was, on well-attested contemporary evidence, the author of *Lingua* (1607) and *Albumazar* acted before King James I on 9 March 1614/5, during his visit to Cambridge. In *Pathomachia* there are two direct references to *Lingua*. There are allusions in both plays not only to the siege of Ostend 1601-4, also mentioned in *Albumazar*, but to the singular episode at the

siege of a bullet discharged from a cannon returning upon the gunner. Dr. P. E. Smith points out kindred references in *Lingua* and *Pathomachia* to the quadrature of the circle and the philosopher's stone. In *Albumazar* and *Pathomachia* there are satirical references to Thomas Coryat and his *Crudities* (1611).

More important than these details is the parallelism of subject matter between *Lingua* and *Pathomachia*.

*Lingua's* second title is *The Combat of the Tongue or the five Senses for superiority*. *Lingua* aims at being recognized as a sixth sense, and to further her object she brings about a dispute for sovereignty among the senses. The situation between them is finally adjusted, and *Lingua's* claim is rejected, though with an important concession. 'We judge you to be no sense simply, but all women for your sake shall have six senses.' As with *Lingua* the second title of *Pathomachia*, *The Battle of Affections*,<sup>1</sup> indicates more clearly its subject. The four chief affections, Hope, Joy, Fear and Grief, have taken up arms against their king, Love, 'grown old, cold and weak', and his queen, Hatred [of Evil]. They have agents in the minor affections, and allies in the vices headed by Pride, who are anxious to regain their former status of affections. The virtues rally to the side of Love and finally, under the leadership of Justice, the machinations of the rebels are defeated.

*Lingua* and *Pathomachia* are thus related as physiology to psychology, and the latter play has, as Dr. P. E. Smith shows, a complementary function to the former. It is a blunder, however, when he contrasts their dialogue as verse and prose for *Lingua* uses mainly the latter medium. But I agree with him in considering the question of the authorship of *Pathomachia* as still open. Tomkis (as might have been more fully stressed) had a true dramatic faculty, and a humorous quality of which there is scarcely any trace in *Pathomachia*.

Yet the play is of interest from various angles and was worthy of being reissued and edited. From a scholastic point of view it is an acute analysis, cast into dramatic form, of the passions. A valuable part of Dr. Smith's introduction is a comparison of the scheme of the affections, virtues, and vices in the play with the classifications in contemporary psychological treatises. There is also an undercurrent of parallelism between the rebels against Love who wish 'to reduce the Kingdome to a Senate, or popular State', and the Parliamentary opponents of the Stuart monarchy. On this aspect the editor's notes, with quotations from contemporary letters and state papers, are helpful. Again, the play is notable for the skilful balance of its double-edged thrusts against Roman Catholics and Gunpowder Plot conspirators, especially Catesby, and on the other hand against the Puritan sectaries and their prejudices. In this connexion the defence of plays, in which vice is laughed at, and of male actors in women's parts (Act II, ii) is of interest. On the bulk of the other topical, historical and classical allusions, the editor's notes provide useful illustration.

Dr. Smith's text is based on the 1630 quarto with a few minor corrections, one of which 'and other of their homebred Enemies' (II. i. 69-70) for 'and other their homebred Enemies' is unnecessary. In an appendix he gives from a microfilm of the Bodleian MS. of the play the extraordinarily alphabetical and alliterative 'beadrole' of titles applied to Pride (first noted by Moore Smith) of which only the two first are found in the printed text (IV. iv. 21-2). Probably in present conditions it was impossible to collate the other MS. in the British Museum.

F. S. BOAS.

<sup>1</sup> *The Battle of the Affections* in the bookseller's list of plays appended to *The Old Law* (1656) is doubtless a printer's error.



**The Letters of John Dryden.** With Letters Addressed to Him Collected and Edited by CHARLES E. WARD, Durham, N. Carolina : Duke University Press; London : Cambridge University Press. 1942. Pp. xviii+196. \$3.00; 18s. net.

Mr. Ward has done a valuable piece of work in editing all the letters by or to Dryden, which are known to have survived. In this attractive volume he prints sixty-two letters from Dryden and fifteen to him, including six from William Walsh, not hitherto published, five of which are from manuscripts in the British Museum. Malone was able to trace only forty-five letters. Bell, in his edition of Dryden's poems (1854), added five letters to Dryden's young friend Walsh. Other letters, written by Dryden, have turned up from time to time; but the texts of some of them are in works such as the *Catalogue of the Alfred Morrison Collection*, only accessible in large libraries. All Dryden's own letters in Mr. Ward's book have been printed or reproduced (at least in part) before, including one to Lord Latimer, son of the Earl of Danby, published by Mr. Ward himself in the *Times Literary Supplement* of 29 October 1938. But the volume is none the less welcome; for, besides the convenience of having all the letters together, Mr. Ward gives the original spelling and punctuation, whenever he has been able to secure photostats or reliable copies of the holographs. He has annotated the letters, so far as he has found this possible; though he has not been able to identify all the people to whom Dryden refers. The editing has been carefully done, but it is not impeccable. In one or two places words seem to have been omitted. The only apparent error, which I have had the opportunity of checking, is in a letter to Elizabeth Thomas on p. 127. Part of a line is printed: 'I confess, I am last Man'. In *Miscellanea* (1727), the source of the letter, there is a 'the' between 'am' and 'last'. In a note on p. 158, referring to Walsh's *Dialogue Concerning Women* (1691), Mr. Ward prints some lines from a manuscript which, he says, he believes have hitherto escaped notice. I called attention to these verses in my Dryden Bibliography.

The correspondence with Walsh is of considerable interest, as Dryden gives some precise instructions on the technique of writing. Walsh's purpose in consulting Dryden about his *Dialogue* is now explained. It seems that the lady for whom it was written had been unkind to Walsh. However, he had another female acquaintance who was 'resolved to conferr favour upon none but Merit'. She was 'a great friend to Witt and Learning'; so Dryden was called in to supply a preface—in fact a puff—to the book, which would be likely to recommend it to the world at large and to the lady in particular, Walsh remarking that women were 'often imposed upon by such things'.

We also learn from one of Walsh's letters that Dryden had some design of producing a book on the priesthood, of which nothing more seems to be known.

The first of Dryden's surviving letters was written when he was at Cambridge: the last is dated 11 April 1700, very shortly before he died. For long periods of his life no letters are known. It was not the custom in the seventeenth century to preserve the letters of famous writers, and compared with the correspondence of Swift and Pope, what remains of Dryden's is very meagre.

We read about his financial affairs, which were always worrying him, his somewhat uneasy association with Tonson and his friendships with Congreve and others. The letters at the end of his life to Mrs. Steward reveal Dryden, as Mr. Ward says, as 'the charming, gracious, appreciative old man, talking to a young and devoted relation'. They tell of his journeys into his native county of Northampton, where he had several kinsfolk living in scattered villages. The two



letters to his old master, Dr. Busby, about his boys at Westminster, and the letter to his sons themselves with a postscript added by their mother, show him in a human and tender mood, which is notoriously rare in his published writings. Dryden's style was so familiar and flexible that it would seem admirably adapted to letter-writing. If the letters are, on the whole, slightly disappointing, it is perhaps due to their being nearly all written *ad hoc* and during moments snatched from more pressing work. Possibly also, they are too like his printed prose, but without being on subjects which called out his greatest powers. But we get from the letters a fairly distinct conception of Dryden as a man, and very few are without value of one kind or another. Anyone familiar with Dryden will see how much of a piece his prose was from the following passage in a letter to Mrs. Steward. 'In the meantime, betwixt my intervalls of physique and other remedies which I am using for my gravell, I am still drudging on: always a Poet and never a good one. I pass my time sometimes with Ovid, and sometimes with our old English poet, Chaucer; translating such stories as best please my fancy; and intend besides them to add somewhat of my own: so that it is not impossible, but ere the summer be pass'd, I may come down to you with a volume in my hand, like a dog out of the water, with a duck in his mouth'. Dryden lived long enough to send a copy of his *Fables* to Mrs. Steward by the Oundle Carrier.

HUGH MACDONALD.

**Robert Bridges. A Study of Traditionalism in Poetry.** By ALBERT GUÉRARD, Jr. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press; London: Humphrey Milford. 1942. Pp. xvi + 332. \$3.50; 20s. net.

This book is interesting not only because it is the first study of Bridges to deal systematically with his complete work—lyrics, dramas, the *Testament* and his theory of poetry—but also because it shows a trend in modern American criticism. It is easy enough to establish the literary tradition in which Bridges works, and Mr. Guérard rightly does not elaborate too much the question of literary heritage, though the chapter on this and also an appendix give some good though somewhat laboured instances. His use of 'traditionalism' is something much more subtle than this. One could wish that more space had been given to the treatment of the lyrics and less to the dramas, which do not seem to me worthy of the very extravagant claim made for them ('Bridges' two plays on Nero are the greatest tragedy since *The Cenci* and . . . quite possibly superior to any English tragedy outside of Shakespeare').

In his treatment of the lyrics themselves Mr. Guérard is mainly concerned to establish the Bridges who 'shows everywhere a grave and humanistic distrust of mere feeling, of primary impulse and primary sensuous experience'. It is clear that there is a reaction here away from romanticism and 'emotional naturalism'; Bridges is praised not only for his conquering of instinct by means of reason but also for the control with which his verse records such experience. I find here a stumbling block in Mr. Guérard's argument. The dangerous quotation from another American writer (Mr. Yvor Winters) that 'the spiritual control in a poem . . . is simply a manifestation of the spiritual control within the poet' leads on to the assertion about Bridges: 'His emphasis is on the sequence and development of feeling rather than on feeling itself, the *reduction of a varied or complex experience to an orderly pattern* (indissociable from the mastery of a sound poetic form) *being in itself a moral act*.'<sup>1</sup> This seems to me to confuse

<sup>1</sup> Italics mine.

dangerously morals and aesthetics and to be the result perhaps of that puritan striving for the moral justification of poetry, seen in Arnold sometimes in a crude form, in a subtle modern disguise. It is this perhaps also which leads Mr. Guérard to dismiss too summarily lyrics which depend for their effect on more sensuous and naturalistic feeling—'Cheddar Pinks' or 'The Garden in September', for example, or the delicious 'April 1885' or the witty urbanity of 'Poor Poll'.

I find a similar looseness of thinking in the rather muddled chapter, 'Expression of Emotion', where Mr. Guérard, in discussing current theories of poetry, is seen both at his worst and best. After a detailed and sensitive analysis of some of Bridges' poems, he goes on to consider T. S. Eliot's 'dissociation of sensibility' (which I do not think he understands).<sup>1</sup> He attempts to refute it by refuting an explanatory remark on it by an American professor which opens up a related but a different question—that of images. Here, though it seems far removed from Eliot's original statement, Mr. Guérard presents us with a very able analysis of Jonson's 'Ode to Heaven', a poem without images, and goes on to say: 'Poetic perception may manifest itself in a hundred dark and inscrutable ways, of which the discovery of a new image is merely the commonest and easiest. Far more subtle . . . are the acts of perception expressed by the delicate disturbance of a cadence or the intricate management of logic (syntax)'. This is an excellent critical statement by one who shows clearly elsewhere in the book that he is sensitive to such disturbances and intricacies. But from this he proceeds to a laboured explanation of an attitude towards poetry which emphasizes lucidity and control above all other virtues. It is for this intellectual control that Bridges is praised.

One is therefore driven to ask, control of what? Mr. Guérard supplies the answer in his careful analysis of *The Testament of Beauty*—much the best chapters in the book. In one of them he gives a detailed explanatory paraphrase of the poem, a useful and by no means easy thing to do. In the others he attempts a critical evaluation of the *Testament*. Here he very fairly states the objections which to some extent all readers must feel, the most important being Bridges' inconsistent use of terms, in particular his use of 'Reason' and of 'Essence'. As a complete understanding of his philosophy rests on these terms, it is unfortunate, as Mr. Guérard points out, that they are capable of so many different interpretations. But I do not see that it makes the situation any easier to say, as Mr. Guérard does, that 'the obscurity is partly dispelled if it is recognized that Bridges' essences . . . are kin to the essences of Santayana, and can therefore mean anything'. This reference to Santayana, however, is important, for Mr. Guérard establishes without doubt the close relationship between his philosophy and Bridges' ideas. Santayana's book *The Life of Reason* is referred to directly by name in the *Testament* and it is clear from Mr. Guérard's evidence that this is an invaluable source for throwing light on much of Bridges' thought.

The summing-up on the *Testament* may seem formidable:

'In contrast to modern professional philosophers, with their desperate cleaving to one or another particular and narrow school, Bridges formulated a philosophy which could embrace the ethical dualism of Aristotle and the naturalism of Spinoza, Darwin's theory of evolution and the best ideals of

<sup>1</sup> This is curious in view of his excellent remark on the literary traditionalism of Eliot and Bridges—the difference lying in the acceptance of it by Bridges into present experience and the ironic dissociation by Eliot.

historical Christianity, a Neo-Humanist insistence on self-control and a Bergsonian contempt for purely conventional morality.'

It is, however, fair to say that Mr. Guérard has tried to trace these elements with considerable scholarliness, knowledge and success. He praises the *Testament* finally, as all Bridges' work, for its 'critical and selective traditionalism', for its 'lucid, exact and complete evaluation of human experience'. It is a pity that here he should have tried to equate 'range' with 'depth' in a passage which shows a shocking perversion of the normal use of words: 'The concern of the great artist is with depth rather than breadth of experience. If range is measured by this depth, the novels of Jane Austen exhibit as wide a range as those of Scott. In this sense, the range of Bridges is also very wide'. I must record dissent here not only from the misuse of words but also from the notion that Bridges' poetry is deep rather than wide. The reverse indeed seems to be evident from the *Testament* itself and from Mr. Guérard's learned commentary on it. It is perhaps finally this very sense of *lack* of emotional or intellectual profundity which makes the *Testament* compare badly with those poems with which Mr. Guérard claims it to be in line, *The Faerie Queene*, *Paradise Lost*, *The Prelude*. Even *The Faerie Queene*, dangerously wide in this sense as it may seem, has the full force of Spenser's feeling on mutability to give it profundity; and *The Prelude* is almost a perfect example of depth as opposed to width.

Mr. Guérard therefore, sensitive though his ear is to the undertones and overtones of poetry, is not altogether stable in critical comment. The book, however, though I think rather over-ridden by a New Puritanism, has much to offer in fruitful speculation, and is excellent in its tracing and explaining of the sources and meaning of Bridges' admittedly complicated ideas. There is also a competent appendix on the prosody. The printing and format of the book are reminiscent of happier days.

DOROTHY M. HOARE.

**Gerard Manley Hopkins: Priest and Poet.** By JOHN PICK. London, New York, Toronto: Oxford University Press. 1942. Pp. x+169. 8s. 6d. net.

Dr. Pick has written a book which attempts to show—in Father D'Arcy's words—the unity of poet, priest, and Jesuit, in Hopkins. The simple formula of this trinity in complete amity is attractive, but, like most simplifications, illusory. Dr. Pick has read all that Hopkins wrote and most of what has been written about him: but his book is not the work of a free, enquiring, and disinterested mind. It is written to a thesis, and deformed by special pleading, casuistry and distortion. It is, in short, a Jesuit apology for the life and works of Hopkins, a Jesuit explanation. As a work of criticism it is 'impure', for there is confusion throughout between religious and literary values. Dr. Pick warns himself, indeed, of the difference between religious significance and poetic greatness: yet on the same page appears this sentence which, in its implications, is typical of his attitude—'It is really only such as St. Francis of Assisi (we must not, of course, sentimentalize by forgetting his severe ascetical preparation) who can really relish the beauty of even this world'. What hope here for a Titian or a Shakespeare? St. Francis was, in many ways, 'really' an admirable man. So, no doubt, was Savonarola. But their opinions on art and literature are not likely to be widely sought.

Dr. Pick divides the poems of Hopkins into two groups, those written before and after conversion. This division helps little. Everything, of course, that

Hopkins writes after his entrance into the Novitiate is coloured by his religious experience. But Dr. Pick's claim is at once wider and narrower. His analysis of the main poems treats them not primarily as poems but as documents happily illustrating Jesuit doctrine and discipline. He praises them enthusiastically and without much literary discrimination as showing the perfect integration of priest and poet. Both the life and poetry of Hopkins contradict this interpretation profoundly. 'The Wreck of the Deutschland', for example, is a magnificent effort, but it is not a great poem. The something of falsetto and bravura and diplomapiece that hangs about it, and prevents its being 'all to one thing wrought', is due mainly to poetically unformulated and unassimilated doctrine. 'The Loss of the Eurydice' is clumsily and sermonically built round three stanzas on the intricate beauty of a young dead body. Such well-known sonnets as 'Spring', 'The Windhover', 'Pied Beauty', and 'Felix Randal' are born of exquisite delight in loveliness of earth, bird, man. God enters later. And does Dr. Pick indeed suppose that the last sonnets were written because priest and poet were one? What have they to do with the priest in him? They came unbidden and against his will. They show us a man bound in intolerable spiritual anguish. They are a last plaint to God from a poet who had slowly stultified as a priest 'that one Talent which is death to hide'. The wholeness of religious inspiration which convinces immediately in the best work of Herbert, Vaughan and Traherne is rarely present in Hopkins.

The main interest of Dr. Pick's book lies elsewhere. Though the *Letters* and *Notebooks* give much information about the strenuous training that Hopkins, as a Jesuit, underwent, it was important that this training should be illustrated more fully. Here Dr. Pick is of great service. His analysis of the *Spiritual Exercises* of St. Ignatius, the 'centre of the life of every Jesuit', and their effect on the poet must be carefully considered by all critics of Hopkins. It is plain, of course, that Hopkins was profoundly influenced by these exercises and by other theological and philosophical discipline. But to claim, as Dr. Pick claims, that 'throughout it was especially the *Spiritual Exercises* which were the primary force behind his poems' is absurd propaganda. No poet could work in that way, though a pious versifier might. Nor is it accurate to speak of a new vision of the world coming to Hopkins after his entrance into the Novitiate. The poet of the early sonnets is already clearly announced even so far back as 'A Vision of the Mermaids'. It should be added that Dr. Pick's account of Hopkins the preacher with an individual turn is helpful, and that he attempts, rather gingerly but with some show of courage, an analysis of Duns Scotus's influence on the poet.

But if the *Spiritual Exercises* were 'the primary force behind the poems' why should Hopkins doubt that the use of his gift was his best contribution to the glory of God? And how comes it that the Jesuits utterly neglected an instrument of such power as this poet? Here Dr. Pick is in a sad dilemma. It is not a question so comparatively small as the rejection of the 'Deutschland' by *The Month*: it is a question of giving to a poet that right and encouragement which are life. Instead there is (save for such a rare figure as Father Bacon) the blank wall of indifference and non-understanding. Hopkins drew his sustenance as poet from the friendship, devotion and recognition of Bridges and Dixon. Had it not been for 'dearest Bridges' there might have been not only no poems published but few written. Bridges was his audience. Bridges cherished the 'lov'd legacy' of his poems. Hopkins is a poet despite his Society, not because of it. (He knew clearly how small a value it gave to the arts.) How grateful, therefore, should

that Society be to those friends of the poet who, in every way, preserved him: with what humility (a word much used by Dr. Pick) should they offer thanks. Yet how does Dr. Pick manage this delicate business? Here are some of the essential words:

The Society of Jesus can hardly be reproached for not acclaiming Hopkins as a poet. . . . Further, the Jesuits can hardly be blamed for not honouring him as a poet in his lifetime when three of his friends [Bridges, Dixon, Patmore] who were poets in their own right withheld any adequate appreciation of him . . . it is sufficient here to say that none of them gave him more than a minimum of encouragement. . . . Bridges failed to appreciate even Hopkins the poet.

It is impossible to read these stupid animadversions on Bridges and Dixon without indignation. Since Dr. Pick has read the relevant documents, and since he is surely not obtuse enough to expect poets of the rank of Bridges and Hopkins to write in treacle to one another (let him read the letters from Arnold to Clough) he must be aware that these statements are untrue.

Dr. Pick also forgets or passes lightly over many things that deserve emphasis or exploration. Hopkins was converted while an undergraduate at Balliol so that his early education had not been Jesuit or even Roman Catholic. That made it difficult for him to be a complete Jesuit. There was not only a strain of Puritanism in him: he was, it might be urged, a Protestant and rebel in grain (his contempt for 'authority' and habit at school; his relish of Duns Scotus; the individuality of his poetic methods; his inability to dragoon his genius into writing poems of martyrdom; his recognition of his kinship with Walt Whitman). He was also an intensely loyal Victorian Englishman who hated the political policy of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland (is it coincidence that precisely those critical letters to Newman are not present in the Oratory archives?), something of a Communist, and a man so sensitively responsive and creative that he might have excelled as artist and musician as well as poet. In no *milieu* in which the Society placed him was he fully used: rarely, it seems, did he experience the repose, security and joy of God. Though he laboured to conform and to sacrifice the poet in him to the saint yet this inner conflict was never resolved. He is most a poet when he escapes all formulas, Jesuit or other.

Dr. Pick has had much help from Jesuit sources and access to unpublished MSS. at Campion Hall, which include a Dublin note-book and numerous sermons. But there is still no definite information about the poet's Spiritual Diaries.

C. COLLEER ABBOTT.

**Poems in Latin.** Together with a few Inscriptions. Compiled by JOHN SPARROW. Oxford University Press; London: Humphrey Milford. 1941. Pp. xiv+68. 6s. net.

'Versification in a dead language is an exotic, a far-fetched, costly, sickly imitation of that which may be found in beautiful and spontaneous perfection. The soils on which this rarity flourishes are in general as ill-suited to the production of vigorous native poetry as the flower-pots of hothouses to the growth of oaks.' So says Macaulay in his Essay on Milton, and his words are all too true. Few genuine poets have forsaken the vernacular for Latin, and when they have done so, have not always been fully equipped for the adventure; above all there is the risk of being unduly haunted by echoes of the great poets of Rome and being imitative rather than creative. It is not surprising therefore that even so well-



chosen a garland as that which Mr. Sparrow has given us should be small in its dimensions, and that its flowers should sometimes be a trifle faded and sometimes artificial. There is indeed perhaps only one poem in the collection that is entirely free from such failings—the noble dedicatory elegiacs from the first volume of Housman's *Manilius*. Here we have a unique combination—a very perfect poet and the greatest Latin Scholar of modern times. These verses dwarf everything else in beauty, in power, and in their exquisite technique. They are worthy of the author of *A Shropshire Lad* and could hold their place unshamed in an Anthology of Classical Latin Verse. Housman is not the only English poet represented in this book. Gray deservedly holds a prominent place. His Latin verse is not always inspired, and is at times technically weak; but it is certainly poetry. While by far the finest and most original of his Latin poems is that which he wrote in the Album of the Fathers of the Grande Chartreuse, there is a real charm and beauty in the other lyrics and in the hexameters which were designed to form the prelude of his projected poem *De principiis cogitandi*. But they are too full of echoes to be quite the real thing. Cory, a lesser poet, but a better scholar, is given equal space. His lyrics reach a high technical level, but do not stir the emotions; they have prettiness without power. It is a pity that the charming 'Dura, fida, rubecula' from *Ionica* has not been included. Swinburne's poem on the death of Théophile Gautier is in its way a *tour de force*, but must be ranked among the artificial flowers; and he is unhappy in his handling of the Greater Asclepiad; the subtle beauty of its rhythms is beyond his reach.

Among the work of those who are not known to the world as English poets, there are five poems which stand out beyond the rest. First and foremost comes Dean Inge's moving elegy 'In Memoriam Filiæ Dilectissimæ', which, in virtue of its grace of style and the intensity of its feeling, most readers will rank as second only to the poem of A. E. Housman. Next come Vincent Bourne's 'Corolla', an enchanting and exhilarating *scherzo*; four Asclepiad stanzas by Jortin, full of a grave music; Lord Wellesley's fine elegiacs in praise of Eton, and last but not least, an anonymous Asclepiad dialogue on the death of Sydney Montague, killed at sea in 1672, which, if a little ingenuous, is undoubtedly impressive. Doctor Johnson's meditation on the conclusion of the Dictionary has a place by itself. Its massive hexameters, humorous, scholarly and sincere, have a refreshing solidity and stand by their own weight. At its close the Anthology deserts the classic metres, and we have three charming devotional poems by Lionel Johnson, in accentual verse recalling the middle ages, but with a freedom of their own; while Dr. Mackail brings up the rearguard with a Latin Sonnet, a most imposing edifice, which, one is tempted to believe, was built up with its last magnificent line—derived from the Book of Job—for a foundation.

Rerum natura nempe nil fatetur  
 Tam gratiosum esse nec præclarum  
 Quin obsolescat et obliteretur  
 Quum tempus illud uenerit amarum  
 In quo de nocte nox continuetur  
 Et illucescat instar tenebrarum.

What would Petrarch have said?

It is a pleasant little volume, whose only serious blemish is the omission of Milton; Mr. Sparrow's defence of this crime is inadequate. Milton at his best is capable of writing very fine Latin verse, of a quality far higher than many of the poems that are included. Even Macaulay, after the venomous remarks quoted



above, excepts Milton from his condemnation, and there are passages in the Elegies which would have made a very fine show (e.g. VI. 55-78 deservedly selected for special commendation by Masson). But Mr. Sparrow has cast his net wide and that is the only serious omission that calls for comment, though a case might be made out for Crashaw's

Unde rubor uestris et non sua purpura lymphis?  
Quæ rosa mirantes tam noua mutat aquas?  
Numen, conuiuæ, præsens agnoscite numen:  
Nympha pudica Deum uidit et erubuit.

And if Stephen Langton is to be regarded as an Englishman, and if the authorship claimed for him be accepted, 'Veni, Sancte Spiritus' would have irresistible claims.

The Inscriptions are delightful, though the best epitaph in the book is perhaps the famous couplet by Charles Wordsworth:—

I nimium dilecta, uocat deus; i, bona nostræ  
Pars animæ;—moerens altera, disce sequi.

The elegy by Jacob Bryant hardly deserves inclusion, and Landor's epitaph on George IV might well be omitted; it is a poor specimen of its kind, and those who write satirical epitaphs should take Arbuthnot's immortal Epitaph on Francis Chartres as their model.

The book is charmingly produced and is a welcome addition to the ever-increasing Army of Anthologies.

H. E. BUTLER.

**Words for Music.** By V. C. CLINTON-BADDELEY. Cambridge, At the University Press. 1941. Pp. xii+168. 7s. 6d. net.

This book, the work of an enthusiast, is written to persuade poets to write words suitable for setting to music. Mr. Clinton-Baddeley has discovered for himself that writing words for music is a co-operative art distinct from writing poetry, and is delighted to find that the same view has been held by the best song-writers of the past. His thesis is that there is a deliberate incompleteness in words intended for singing. Whereas a poem is a work of art complete in itself, to which music can profitably add nothing, the words of a song leave something for the music to do. There may be a certain under-emphasis which the musician must stress, or even a boldness of gesture which the music must naturalize. The thesis is elaborated with abundant illustration from songs and the theories of such song-writers as Campion, Burns, and Moore.

Whether or not this book will persuade poets to submit themselves to a different discipline, it should certainly encourage a more enlightened study of the lyric. Editors and anthologists, accepting the measure of nineteenth-century odes and lyrics which were never associated with music, have been in the habit of printing only the words of lyrics of an earlier and of a later day which were not intended to be dissociated from their musical context. Thus in the World's Classics collection of eighteenth-century verse there is printed in full the words of 'Here's a health unto His Majesty'. The intention of the editor is not altogether clear. Perhaps he wished to assert that eighteenth-century verse was not all written in couplets, or perhaps he was endeavouring to counteract prevailing views and to show that a healthy spirit of carousal still existed in that sententious age. The example is almost too extreme, for there is little fear of anyone merely

reading the words of this song: the well-known tune inevitably accompanies it in every reader's mind. But it is worth pausing to reflect how flat the words would have seemed if their music by some accident had been lost, and how incomplete our experience of the lyric would then have been. Yet just as the tune will necessarily ring in our ears as we read 'Here's a health unto His Majesty', so, ideally, we should hear the music as we read the words in such a collection as Mr. Norman Ault's *Elizabethan Lyrics*. On p. 439 of that collection Mr. Ault has printed the words of a madrigal from Pilkington's first book (1613):

Have I found her? O rich finding!  
 Goddess-like for to behold  
 Her fair tresses seemly binding  
 In a chain of pearl and gold.  
 Chain me, chain me, O most fair,  
 Chain me to thee with that hair!

No doubt Mr. Ault wished his readers to be reminded of one of the most charming of Pilkington's works—of the expectancy of the opening phrase and the expansiveness of the setting of 'O rich finding', of the picturesque linking of the parts as they describe the chain of pearl and gold, of the rising anguish expressed in the fivefold repetition of 'Chain me', and of the urgency of the last line. It is an unforgettable experience; and the point is, that once the madrigal has been heard, it is impossible for the listener to dissociate the words from their musical setting. Together the words and music are a work of art. The words alone can only convey an incomplete, an imperfect, experience.

Mr. Clinton-Baddeley does well to emphasize the importance which a writer of words for music should attach to the shape of his stanzas, and what for want of a better word may be called their rhythmical equivalence. He draws attention, for example, to the assistance which Gilbert gave to Sullivan in devising patterns and rhythms which are not too regular, and he reminds the writer of words how necessary it is to provide a similar emphasis or similar effect at the same point in each of a group of stanzas. Conversely, the student of the lyric should recognize how skilfully Shakespeare has provided this equivalence for the musician's benefit in such songs as 'Blow, blow, thou winter wind' (Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky) and 'Come away, Come away, Death' (Not a flow'r, not a flow'r, sweet), or *Campion in*

Follow your saint, follow with accents sweet!  
 Haste you, sad notes, fall at her flying feet!

All that I sung still to her praise did tend,  
 Still she was first, still she my songs did end.

Where each of these four lines is set to the same musical phrase; and what trouble Dowland (or his poet) found in discovering equivalents in succeeding stanzas for a too ingenious device in the fourth line of the first verse of 'Come again, sweet love doth now invite'. The curious may conveniently examine his difficulties in Frederick Keel's setting (*Elizabethan Love Songs: First Set*).

These examples may serve to show what kind of help Mr. Clinton-Baddeley's book can give towards a more intelligent study of the lyric. One could wish that he had considered the opportunities of cross rhythm between words and music which Burns so beautifully exploits, notably in the third line of each verse of 'Ae fond kiss', and which are inevitably overlooked if the words are read without the music. One could also wish that his statements were not often so sweeping, as,

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for example, when he states that between Dryden and Burns there was not one poet 'who was seriously concerned to write words for singing'. But in spite of these and other blemishes, this book is an engaging and stimulating essay. It was worth writing.

JOHN BUTT.

**The Intent of the Critic.** By EDMUND WILSON, NORMAN FOERSTER, JOHN CROWE RANSOM and W. H. AUDEN. Edited, with an Introduction, by Donald A. Stauffer. Princeton: Princeton University Press; London: H. Milford. 1941. Pp. vi+147. \$2.50; 15s. 6d. net.

The title attached to this collection of essays is strictly applicable only to Mr. Stauffer's introduction, a summary comparison of views advanced by the four contributors entailing some general consideration of problems which confront the modern critic and of methods whereby they may be attacked. Literary criticism, Mr. Stauffer reminds us, like other literary forms, is an expression of personal experience, its range extending from explanatory comment on textual detail to larger and more generalized interpretation. It should be rational and systematic, even when concerned with intractable and irrational material, the critic keeping 'a perilous balance between awareness of the individual work of art and awareness of its communal audience'. Such comments do not carry us very far, though allowance must be made for the unenviable position of an editor restricted by the duty of 'introducing' and attempting to correlate the diverse views of four other critics. It may be true that, as Mr. Stauffer suggests, these writers 'represent, perhaps as well as any four writers could represent, a cross-section of critical opinion in America to-day', but their essays certainly do not afford clear evidence to support the claim that 'the increasing complexity of criticism has also increased its competence'. Mr. Edmund Wilson concerns himself less with the historical interpretation of literature, the subject suggested by the title to his essay, than with the development of modern types of criticism, arising from the interpretation of literature in the light of history, sociology, politics and psychology. Having illustrated these phases from the work of Vico, Saintsbury, T. S. Eliot, Marx and the Russian revolutionaries, Mr. Wilson propounds the question, 'What is the cause of this emotional reaction which is the critic's divining-rod?', and concludes that criticism, like all intellectual activity, is 'an attempt to give meaning to our experience—that is to make life more practicable, for by understanding things we make it easier to survive and get round them'. But space does not allow Mr. Wilson adequately to develop his conclusion, and his essay as a whole is disappointing. Mr. Foerster, on the other hand, is both pertinent and suggestive in his essay on 'The Æsthetic and ethical judgment' which, from every point of view, is the most satisfactory contribution in the collection. Noting at the outset the relation of literary to general criticism, Mr. Foerster reminds us that the former is concerned with neither causes nor effects but with intrinsic values. These are of two kinds, æsthetic and ethical, each of which is open to heretical misinterpretation. 'Both endeavor to make partial truth serve as the whole truth. Both tend to take us away from literature, the one into problems of morals, the other into problems of esthetics'. The critic should aim at 'a rounded estimate, æsthetic and ethical', being concerned with the wisdom inherent in literature, the quality implied by the Horatian *dulce et utile*. 'He is content to say, if you insist, that delight is all, but in that case he will add at once that the delight comes from the wisdom expressed as well as

from the expression of the wisdom.' Associating himself with the American school of neo-humanists Mr. Foerster concludes with some judicious comments on the aims of this school and their special application to literature, incidentally calling attention to a work deserving more notice than it has received in this country, G. R. Elliott's *Cycle of Modern Poetry*. 'Psychologicistic' and 'moralistic' criticism alike—the latter including neo-humanism—come under the censure of Mr. Ransom whose essay on 'Criticism as pure speculation' is a plea for a better æsthetic, the nature of which he does not clearly define. Mr. Ransom's main objections to the 'moralistic' school have already been recognized and forestalled by Mr. Foerster, and he appears to exaggerate the differences that divide them. Much of his criticism is negative rather than positive in its implications, and we are left to infer his position from such generalizations as: 'Art is post-ethical rather than unethical'; the critic 'will have to subscribe to an ontology'; 'the poetic world-view is Aristotelian and "realistic" rather than Platonic and "idealistic"'. In the concluding essay on 'Criticism in a mass society' Mr. Auden discusses the influence of social and political organization upon culture and criticism. Noting the differences between an open and a closed society reflected in the contrasting cultural ideals of Social Democracy and Fascism he urges that criticism, in order to be effective, must take these forces into account, preserving a due sense of responsibility to the community. The two primary tasks of the critic are first to show the individual that he has much in common with others, and secondly to 'spread a knowledge of past cultures'. In a democracy he must be prepared to recognize that he is not infallible, that ethics, politics, science and æsthetics are interdependent, and that his position of influence is 'an accident, an inheritance which he does not deserve and which he is incompetent to administer'. Familiar as these injunctions may sound, at the present juncture it is not unprofitable to be reminded of the principles which they enforce.

B. E. C. DAVIS.

**Anglo-American Literary Relations.** By GEORGE STUART GORDON. Oxford University Press. 1942. Pp. 119. 5s.

In 1866 Mr. Henry Yates Thompson of Liverpool offered to endow a lectureship at Cambridge on the 'History, Literature, and Institutions of the United States of America', the lecturer to be appointed by the President and Fellows of Harvard. Fur and feathers flew and the offer was rejected, in spite of all that Charles Kingsley, among others, could do. "Are members of the Senate aware", said one of them [the Cambridge voters] "that Harvard University, so far as it professes any form of religion, is distinctly Socinian, or, if Americans prefer the term, Unitarian?" This question, we are told, was very damaging. Would not the appointment of such a lecturer, said another, "pander to that which is perhaps the worst vice inherent in the North American character, namely SELF-CONCEIT?" . . . We have now got a little further than this, at any rate. This story was told by the late President of Magdalen in one of the lectures he delivered on the Watson Chair Foundation of the Sulgrave Manor Board, in University College, London, in 1931, and which make this book. And this is no longer the only Chair of American History and Institutions in this country. At this juncture, one hopes and believes, steps are being taken to dispel in some measure our traditional, deplorable ignorance of the nature and history of American culture. Much more needs to be done, and must be done. But at least certain provision is being made for the teaching of American history in schools. . . . And to

judge by the mass of books and pamphlets on America that are appearing there is latent a certain curiosity, a certain desire for more reliable information about America than is provided by the film and the twopenny library.

Dr. Gordon's lectures have been most admirably prepared for the press by Dr. R. W. Chapman. They are, Dr. Chapman tells us, to be regarded as work that is more than ten years old. For, although the lectures were re-delivered, as a course of four lectures given at the Royal Institution in 1938, this version 'was, in the main a matter of hasty abridgement and adaptation of older work'. Dr. Chapman has, however, retained some of the corrections made in this version.

In his first lecture, on *Early American Literature*, Dr. Gordon reminds us, among other things, of Berkeley's residence on Rhode Island, where *Alciphron* was composed, and of his gift of his little estate there to Yale. The enthusiasm and breadth of sympathy with which Dr. Gordon spoke of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century American writing is notable and justified—and too rare even in America to-day: 'literature is very narrowly defined if we are to exclude from that title and dominion the books of the early travellers and historians of America, the fantastic greatness of Cotton Mather's *Magnalia Christi Americana*, the superb faculty of Jonathan Edwards, the spiritual beauty of Woolman's *Journal* and the political and oratorical genius of the American masterpieces of the Revolution'. In the second lecture, *The Rise of American Literature*, Dr. Gordon is concerned with the early nineteenth century, the period which saw the specific rise of American self-consciousness, especially with regard to literature, the rise of those feelings and ambitions which found their expression later, in Emerson's famous lecture on *The American Scholar*, in 1837—to give to this lecture the symbolic importance generally and rightly given to it. And Dr. Gordon well illustrates the tiresome and stupid carping of the English reviews—particularly the *Quarterly*—at American cultural achievements. An attitude that was, however, just as natural at the time as the American complex of pride and anxiety. And Dr. Gordon does well to recall the friendship shown to the Republic by the great Romantics. Dr. Gordon now passes on to *Friendship in Letters*; the period is that of the 'American Renaissance', inaugurated by Irving and Cooper, the theme the friendships that grew up between American and British men of letters at this time. The heart of the lecture is a sympathetic and delightful account of the 'symbolic friendship' of Emerson and Carlyle. Lecture four, with *British Authors in America* as its subject, could hardly fail to be entertaining: even Dickens was forgiven in his lifetime, so we may surely use the adjective. It is impossible not to relish the picture of Matthew Arnold finding the compartment in which he and his party travelled labelled 'The Arnold Troupe'. And we are indebted to Dr. Gordon for rescuing for us the *Ode to Cold Water* which Captain Marryat heard sung at a Temperance Revival in Boston. Lecture five, which deals temperately and fairly with the vexed question of *British Authors' Copyright* in America does, I feel, suffer from the incompleteness of the manuscript. In his concluding lecture Dr. Gordon treats of the quest for a purely native, American literature and deals with the achievement of Whitman—verse and prose which remain to this day the most original thing in American literature, and the nearest approach of any American to the glory of his dream—before touching very gingerly the problem of the 'expatriates' and saying a few words about modern American poetry. Yet the question of the 'expatriates' (and to understand this problem is necessary if one is to see clearly



the process of American culture between, shall we say, the close of the Civil War and 1929) in conjunction with the 'vision of a great national literature owing nothing to England, but bred of the richness of the American soil' is responsible still for bias in American critical judgements and for onslaughts on English culture—attacks in which the balls have not been removed from the pistol. As an instance of the first, take Mr. Van Wyck Brooks's treatment of Henry James in *New England; Indian Summer* (London, 1940): note the reluctance with which Mr. Brooks brings himself to admit that James is, after all, a better novelist than W. D. Howells. To illustrate the second point I quote from Professor Oscar Cargill's *Intellectual America; Ideas on the March* (London, 1941)—the first volume of 'a dynamic interpretation of American culture and of the forces that have shaped it': 'Indeed, England has had no first-rate man in half a century to give her direction. Intellectually, she is a stagnant fen, and her luster is that of phosphorescent wood'. Professor Cargill has a grudge against all the ideologies which have swept into America in modern times. One is probably justified in suspecting that this animus against England is partly to be explained by this sentence: 'It is doubtful, with all our tendency to truckle, if any British author has had such uniformly favorable America reviews (as Havelock Ellis)'. 'With all our tendency to truckle'—but who is to be blamed for this? We cannot accept either responsibility or blame. (And, anyhow, Professor Cargill takes his revenge on us, in a very proper spirit, by subjecting the English language to exquisite torture.)

When reading Dr. Gordon's few pages on contemporary American literature, it is particularly necessary to remember that they were written in 1931, and that, as Dr. Chapman records, 'Gordon was especially conscious, as he told me on his death-bed, that he had not been able—in the space and time he disposed of—to do justice to the American literature of our own day, in which he was widely read, and which he had much pondered'. In spite of Professor Mims's complaint in 1936 that American literature has not had a fair deal in this country, which Dr. Gordon noted, I cannot think that the contemporary American novel, to take one example, failed to receive its due recognition here in the last decade. Adoption as a subject in which academic instruction is given is not the only sort of recognition. It is, however, probably true to say that contemporary American poetry has not had here all the attention that it deserves.

The history of Anglo-American literary relations, like the history of Anglo-American political relations, is not a serial story of the mutual exchange of bouquets, caresses and honeyed words. To pretend that it is can only stand in the way of the mutual knowledge which is the sole valid basis on which can be built that Anglo-American understanding on which so much depends, and which is so earnestly desired by all men of good will, both here and in America.

The great merit of Dr. Gordon's lectures lies not so much in the contribution they make to our knowledge, though Dr. Gordon is always illuminating, as in the warmth, sympathy and humaneness of the spirit in which they were composed, and which glows through them.

D. J. GORDON.

**English Institute Annual: 1941.** New York: Columbia University Press; London: Humphrey Milford. 1942. Pp. xiv+248. 16s. 6d. net.

This is apparently the third *Annual* of the English Institute, a body whose first programme, we are told, defined its aims as the study of 'basic problems in the philosophy and technique of research, as distinct from discussions of specified

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subject-matter'. Whatever the philosophy of research may be, and however much specific problems may intrude, there is no doubt of the interest of the nine papers here selected for publication from among the score read before the four sections of the session.<sup>1</sup> One paper comes from the section 'Literature and the Arts', one from 'Literary Criticism'; the rest from the two bibliographical sections, as the editor calls them, dealing with the problems of editing and with printing-house practice.

The first paper, by Mr. Lionel Trilling of Columbia, is an interpretation of Wordsworth's ode on *Intimations of Immortality*, putting with much plausibility the case against regarding that poem as 'Wordsworth's conscious farewell to his art, a dirge sung over his departing powers'. This is followed by an incisive essay by Mr. René Wellek of Iowa on the danger and even absurdity of drawing elaborate comparisons between the modes and development of the various arts.

Next Mr. J. Burke Severs of Lehigh attempts an exposition and criticism of Dom Henri Quentin's 'Theory of Textual Criticism', which raises several points of interest. As a preliminary proposition, underlying the system, he lays it down that 'if we find the same few manuscripts repeatedly giving a common reading different from that in all the other manuscripts, we may be confident that these few manuscripts are closely related and form a family of their own'. But as a general proposition this is simply not true, and no valid system can be based on so hoary a fallacy. The statement can only be allowed if by 'common reading' we mean 'common error': the common possession of correct readings tells us nothing whatever of the relationship of the manuscripts in which they occur. Perhaps what Mr. Severs was really thinking of was common readings differing from that of the archetype; for, curiously enough, the archetype is apparently assumed to be extant. Indeed, the system is here represented as an attempt to determine, not the relationship, but the affiliation, of extant manuscripts; for all relevant manuscripts, that is all manuscripts occupying nodal points in the stemma, are given as extant. Thus the system attempts only the first part of the problem, the phase of elimination—for no manuscript wholly derived from another extant manuscript is of any critical value. In fact this preliminary elimination is not, as a rule, very difficult; and it can often be effected more readily and certainly on bibliographical evidence than on that of textual variants. It is only when it has been accomplished that we approach the real problem of textual criticism, namely to determine the relationship of a group of manuscripts no one of which is derived from any other.

The particular point in the system that Mr. Severs attacks is its treatment of contamination—or as I should prefer to call it, conflation. One of the rules of the system is alleged to lay down that the repeated exhibition by two derivative manuscripts of common readings different from those of the archetype proves the presence of outside contamination. Of course it proves nothing of the sort: indeed, for my own part I doubt whether any formal rules whatever can be devised for dealing with the problem of conflation. Mr. Severs has no difficulty in demonstrating (at great length) that what the appearance of common readings differing from those of the archetype usually proves, is not conflation at all, but the possession of a common ancestor later than the archetype. This surely is an elementary fact that must be familiar to every textual critic. Not having studied Dom Quentin's works, I do not know whether Mr. Severs has interpreted his

<sup>1</sup> Of those not printed that on 'The Mechanics of Multiple Collation' most excites my curiosity.

views correctly, but I cannot help suspecting that there is a misunderstanding somewhere. Certainly no valid conclusions could be reached by a system involving such an elementary logical blunder, and it would seem hardly worth while spending thirty pages in exposition and exposure.

A short paper by Miss Madeleine Doran of Wisconsin, 'An Evaluation of Evidence in Shakespearean Textual Criticism', contains a well-considered estimate of the limitations and possible uncertainties of 'bibliographical' and other 'material' evidence, to which I heartily subscribe.<sup>1</sup>

The essay on 'Principles of Historical Annotation in Critical Editions of Modern Texts', by Mr. Arthur Friedman of Chicago, is a rather slight contribution. He recognizes that, compared with those of textual editing, any 'principles' that can be formulated are necessarily vague and apt to seem obvious. He distinguishes two main types of what he calls historical annotation, namely "notes of recovery," which supply information that would presumably have been known to the author's contemporaries, but that has been lost by the passage of time, and "explanatory notes," which attempt to make a work more intelligible by showing its relationship to earlier works'. Mr. Friedman complains not unreasonably of the discursiveness of some editors; but I think his own most pertinent contribution is an insistence on the desirability of using contemporary sources of information in preference to modern.

Of more specialized appeal is a paper on 'The Problem of a Variorum Edition of Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*' by Mr. Sculley Bradley of Pennsylvania. The question considered is how to construct a textual apparatus that shall exhibit the gradual evolution of the final text through the manifold changes that the author made in successive editions from 1855 to 1881. It is, I think, time to protest against the use of the term 'Variorum' to mean an edition that records all textual variants. The full phrase is *editio cum notis variorum*, and the *O.E.D.* defines it as an edition containing notes of various commentators or editors. Originally applied to editions of classical authors, the name has by tradition been attached to certain editions of Shakespeare, particularly those of 1803 and 1821, which collected the notes of a series of commentators, but which were certainly not conspicuous for the fullness of the textual apparatus. The Cambridge edition, which first reported variants old and new in an adequate manner, did not call itself, and has never been known as, a variorum edition. Furness called his edition 'A New Variorum' because it followed the plan of that of 1821, although he added a valuable apparatus on the Cambridge model. To use the term in two completely different senses can only lead to confusion, and there is no question but that the established usage is the correct one.

The most generally important paper in the volume seems to me the one by Mr. R. C. Bald of Cornell on 'Evidence and Inference in Bibliography', in which he calls attention to certain essential limitations to which arguments from bibliographical data are subject. It is admirably acute throughout; and his incidental remarks on the damping and drying of printing paper I think carry this rather obscure subject a stage further than before.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The remark attributed to H. H. Furness in 1880 (at the head of p. 96) was in fact made by the Cambridge editors in 1865, and referred to the order of the editions of *King Lear*, not to that of the states of the Pied Bull quarto. In a quotation on p. 97 'the comparison of different editions of different manuscripts' ought of course to read 'or different manuscripts'. On p. 99 I presume that 'logical imitations' should be 'logical limitations'!

<sup>2</sup> I am afraid that McKerrow's postulate of a drying and re-damping between printing and perfecting was an unfounded assumption, and in a letter I had from him a few months before his death he admitted that he had been mistaken.

Mr. Bald closes his paper with the generous admission that, criticism notwithstanding, 'one's most earnest hope can only be that a generation of comparable caliber will rise to succeed' that now passing from bibliographical ken. His hope is answered in the two closely related papers concluding the volume, which are by far the most original and progressive it contains: namely 'The Headline in Early Books', by Mr. Fredson Bowers of Virginia, and 'New Uses for Headlines as Bibliographical Evidence', by Mr. Charlton Hinman of the Folger Library. They deal with the youngest of all branches of bibliography, the investigation of recurrence and variation in the headlines of books due to the persistence of a skeleton forme from one sheet to another. This study is rapidly forging a new weapon in bibliographical criticism, which promises to prove of quite exceptional power. I need only mention that among the results recorded are the discovery<sup>1</sup> that the whole of sheet F of *The Cobbler's Prophecy* (1594) is a cancel (the reprint being presumably due to the necessity for removing dangerous matter), the detection of half-sheet imposition (which McKerrow believed to be impossible), and the determination of 1200 as the minimum number printed of the first quarto of *Othello*.<sup>2</sup>

I hesitate to draw attention to apparent errors in a highly technical discussion the details of which I may not have correctly understood, but there are two statements that puzzle me in Mr. Bowers's paper. One is a footnote on p. 190 and concerns register. So far as I can see, the pins, in order to secure correct register, must be placed with mathematical accuracy, and if they are so placed it does not matter whether the sheet is turned end for end or side for side. The other is on p. 194, where it is apparently asserted that in a folio in eights sigs. &7<sup>v</sup> and &8<sup>r</sup> are 'the two adjacent pages of the outer forme of the outermost sheet'. They are undoubtedly adjacent pages in the sense of forming a single opening of the book, but they cannot possibly belong to the same sheet, still less to the same forme. I suspect that a whole line of type has dropped out and that the sentence was meant to read: 'the two adjacent pages of the outer / [forme of the outermost sheet but one, and the inner] / forme of the outermost sheet'. (I think this will be found to supply the right number of letters for one line, and the similar beginning of consecutive lines would make the omission easy.)

W. W. GREG.

**The Starlit Dome. Studies in the Poetry of Vision.** By G. WILSON KNIGHT. London, New York, Toronto: Oxford University Press. 1941. Pp. viii + 314. 16s. net.

Professor Wilson Knight's latest volume of criticism consists of four essays on Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley and Keats, with a postscript, 'Symbolic Eternities', which states his intention (this would have been better placed in an introduction, for without its offered clue, the long opening essay on Wordsworth must seem baffling in its emphasis and exclusions). His purpose is not to assess the work of each poet separately but to study it in relation to a group of symbols common to them all, the group being most clearly represented in *Kubla Khan*. 'These precise, crowning symbolisms', hitherto 'dismissed as fanciful orna-

<sup>1</sup> By Miss Irene Mann, a pupil of Professor Bowers.

<sup>2</sup> In this case the inference is admittedly of a more speculative nature. I do not feel certain that Mr. Hinman's evidence for the rate of machining is sufficiently precise to allow us to say that a particular estimate must apply to printing with one skeleton forme rather than two: to estimate the actual saving in time effected by the use of a second skeleton would appear even more difficult.

mentation', are here suggested as a centre of reference for the 'various thought-directions' of the poets under consideration. With a disarming if fleeting glimpse of proportion the critic adds, 'These symbols *alone* are of little value either'; and he is most convincing, perhaps, when he widens his scope, as in his remarks on the style of *Prometheus Unbound* and his general suggestions on Keats's methods in imagery ('movement is given sculptural form'). But this work has a value even to the student unconverted by his approach and repelled by certain features of his style ('a good dome-comment occurs in . . .'). That value seems to consist mainly in the placing of *Kubla Khan* ('alphabetically central'!) as both an extreme instance of and a pervasive influence in the poetry of the period. The usefulness of the separate essays varies, as always, with the pliability of the poet to the rigid critical method; Wordsworth remains unresponsive, except for the *Immortality Ode*, but Shelley yields much—because his use of symbols really is of the kind Professor Wilson Knight assumes to be general in poetry. And such close, patient study of Shelley's meaning as is found here is difficult, and still rare; this essay suffers less than the others from the critic's deliberate innocence of most other serious criticism. It is surprising at this date to find it assumed that Coleridge's *Dejection* was addressed to Dorothy Wordsworth.

KATHLEEN TILLOTSON.

**An Anatomy of Inspiration.** By ROSAMUND E. M. HARDING. With an Appendix on The Birth of a Poem, by Robert B. M. Nichols. Cambridge: W. Heffer & Sons Ltd. 1942. Pp. xiv + 145. 7s. 6d. net.

The data of Miss Harding's 'anatomy' are derived from biographical and autobiographical records of inspiration 'as it appears and as it is experienced' by creative artists and scientists. These records are classified according to the light which they throw upon creative consciousness, the appearance of inspiration, general procedure in the act of creation, and special procedure in each particular art and in scientific research. Disclaiming any intention of analysing the psychology of the creative mind, much less of formulating a theory of its operation, Miss Harding allows the evidence she has collected to speak for itself, confining theory to some occasional comments and to certain broad general conclusions. Briefly, her object is to compile and classify material relevant and even essential to such analysis, which, as she notes, is too often based upon half-knowledge of historical facts. This material, drawn from letters, memoirs and biographical records of musicians, painters, writers and scientists, apart from its intrinsic interest should prove valuable to the biographer and the critic as well as to the aesthete.

A survey covering so wide a range within the compass of a hundred pages is necessarily impressionistic rather than comprehensive, but this method of presentation has the advantage of correlating evidence from the records of men of genius differing widely in outlook and achievement. Common to many of them are ample resources of unspecialized knowledge, a dual sense of possession and compulsion, the habit of spontaneously noting the experience of the inspired moment, and devotion towards the attainment of technique. But while it is true that 'all creative thinkers are dreamers' the records of genius reveal the greatest diversity in taste and method, one type demanding solitude or detachment, another domestic or social intercourse, wide differences being shown also in the times, seasons and environments most suitable for creative work. Apart from such general considerations the working of inspiration is conditioned to some

degree by the form of activity which it stimulates. Miss Harding's interest in music, upon which she has already written as a specialist, shows to advantage in the attention paid to the utterances of musicians, notably of Tchaikovsky, upon creative experience, which have been generally neglected as compared with those of writers and painters. Occasionally, however, it would appear to have weakened her sense of values, particularly with respect to poetry. Her comparison of music with poetry, involving consideration of rhythm and verse, does not strike at the root of the matter, while her assertion that music is 'really more poetical' than poetry 'since in its very elusiveness to positive interpretation it is mysterious and inscrutable as nature herself' evades the issue, leaving a suspicion that proclivity for the one art has obscured her conception of the other. This suspicion is confirmed by her general treatment of poetry, for which the materials are ill-selected. Dante is ignored altogether, while reference to Milton is confined to a few trivial notes of biographers, of little account as compared with the utterances of Milton himself concerning the inward promptings of his Muse. On the other hand, more than a page is devoted to a résumé of Poe's 'Philosophy of Composition' appended to *The Raven*, which might well have been taken as read, at least by those readers who are prepared to take it seriously. The memoirs and statements of novelists are better selected and more suggestive, while the sections on painters and scientists, though brief, suffice to fulfil their purpose.

Occasionally instances have been needlessly multiplied to confirm the obvious, e.g. 'a little gentle exercise will often restore the mind when fatigued'. On the other hand, among so many seemingly trivial records room might have been found for a few of a more diverting type, amply provided by the memoirs of the great; Miss Harding mentions Schiller's taste for 'strong coffee, wine-chocolate, old Rhenish or Champagne', shared by many other people, but omits to mention his unique predilection for the smell of rotten apples. Her English is not impeccable, phrases lacking a finite verb occasionally being enclosed within full-stops. With these reservations her study can be recommended as a useful, well-documented work of reference which broadly fulfils its purpose. Additions to the first edition, published in 1940, include statements by various living authors and an appendix by Robert Nichols describing in detail the evolution of his 'Sunrise Poem'.

B. E. C. DAVIS.

**The Nature of Literature. Its Relation to Science, Language and Human Experience.** By THOMAS CLARK POLLOCK. Princeton: Princeton University Press; London: H. Milford. 1942. Pp. xxiv+218. 20s. net.

Professor Pollock has written this book in order to discriminate between the function of language in literature and in other modes of communication, particularly science. He discusses the nature of language itself, he notes its tendency to become increasingly abstract as mankind learns to discern the common character in a class of objects; this leads to a description of the language of science and of the difference between that and the language of literature. He analyses and criticizes the discussion of similar subjects by C. K. Ogden and I. A. Richards, in which he believes there is a tendency to over-value the 'referential' at the expense of the 'emotive' function of language. He writes that 'their classification . . . is strongly weighted in favour of the problems of scientific communication'. While this may be true of *The Meaning of Meaning* it is not, I think, a just account of *The Principles* nor of Dr. Richards's subsequent



works. He is in fact as much concerned as Professor Pollock himself to preserve the status of that use of language which communicates a total human experience. In the last half of his book Professor Pollock concludes that literature differs from science, because it is not concerned with the communication of facts, or what he calls 'publicly discriminable referents':

It has as its purpose the expression of an experience of a writer through the utterance of a series of symbols capable of evoking in the mind of a properly qualified reader a controlled experience similar to, though of course not identical with, that of the writer.

On the other hand literature can be distinguished from 'pseudo-literature', since in the latter the writer is not concerned with communicating his own experience but

simply with evoking an experience which the reader desires or which for some reason, usually commercial, the author or publisher wishes the reader to have.

The author is impelled to make these distinctions by his wish to safeguard literature from misunderstanding and consequent contempt in a world which increasingly admires knowledge of fact and the power over the material world that such knowledge brings. Unfortunately, in order to make each of his points with the utmost clarity, he is forced to repeat himself, to elaborate, and to use ungainly terms, so that his book is by no means easy to read. Only a reader already interested in literature would make the effort. And yet to such a reader many of the Professor's findings would seem obvious. He would have taken them for granted, even if he were not able to explain them clearly. It is difficult therefore to know to whom such books as this are to be recommended; they are, perhaps, more likely to appeal to inquiring young minds than to those of us who are middle-aged.

JOAN BENNETT.

**Literary Scholarship. Its Aims and Methods.** By NORMAN FOERSTER [*The Study of Letters*], JOHN C. MCGALLIARD [*Language*], RENÉ WELLEK [*Literary History*], AUSTIN WARREN [*Literary Criticism*], and WILBUR L. SCHRAMM [*Imaginative Writing*]. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press; London: H. Milford. 1941. Pp. xii+270. \$3.00; 18s. 6d. net.

This book asks questions concerning the curricula of the English Departments of American universities, and gives much careful and competent thought to answering them. To put it briefly, those questions turn on the contrast between two sets of aims enunciated in Mr. Foerster's preliminary essay. First, there are the aims implied under 'the established system':

1. To inculcate the scientific habits of accuracy and thoroughness and the sense of time or historical sense.
2. To assure a general acquaintance with a language and a literature viewed in their historical development and environment.
3. To develop a capacity of research in a limited field of language or literary history.

'These aims', which Mr. Foerster seems a little too ready to pronounce 'simple, definite, and attainable', are allowed to 'have produced results . . . which have given American scholarship high distinction within narrow limits'. But 'perhaps few would deny . . . that to-day a new need in the history of scholarship has . . . arisen, the need of a scholarship more closely affiliated with the creative and

critical interests of letters, and more concerned with the values which the humanities have to offer a world threatened with barbarism expertly scientific in war and peace'. And the aims suggested as a revision of the above run as follows:

1. To encourage a common intellectual life among students of letters, in which the discipline of letters will be integrated with other humanistic disciplines—history, the fine arts, philosophy, and religion.
2. To restore the full meaning of literary scholarship so that it shall imply not only accuracy, thoroughness, and the sense of time, but also æsthetic sensitiveness, the ability to write firmly, a concern for general ideas, and an insight into the permanent human values embodied in literature.
3. To offer a rigorous discipline in the specialized types of literary activity—the study of language, the study of literary history, the theory and practice of literary criticism, and the art of imaginative writing.
4. To restore a vital relationship between scholarship and letters by preparing scholars for careers as teachers (collegiate as well as graduate), as critics, or as writers.

Clearly the matter is one for discussion at length, perhaps for discussion at one of the festivals of the Modern Language Association. The reviewer of such a book, having to be brief, can only hope that he is not too random. And the foreign reviewer that he is also not too irrelevant: the book is planned by Americans for Americans. The present reviewer must proceed on the hopeful assumption that American universities are not so much unlike British that they constitute a special case. In making that assumption he recalls that it was an American professor who said, 'If I were to found a University, I would begin by founding a smoking room'.

Random, and perhaps irrelevant, one notes first of all that the innovators do not come to destroy but to fulfil: Aims 2 do not discard Aims 1. One's concern, therefore, is with the value of the additions which Aims 2 make to Aims 1. Most people will agree that that value is high. But what they will not agree about is that it is a function of the curriculum of an English Department to provide for these values of set purpose, that their attainment necessitates the teaching of an additional range of subjects. Are not Aims 2 the aims which good teachers, confined officially to Aims 1, have been working for all along? Take Mr. Austin Warren, for instance, who here writes well on literary criticism: has he felt himself hopelessly cribbed and cabined by Aims 1? Has he not rather used his teaching under 'the established system' to further Aims 2? And may we not even say that the addition which Aims 2 make over Aims 1 is better attained as a by-product than of set and stated and advertised purpose? Are not the values sought under Aims 2 the kind of values which direct teaching, which is usually coarsened with propaganda, tends to destroy? Moreover, whether taught directly, taught indirectly, or not taught at all, are not these values the values which a capable student will attain inevitably? He may not get lectured on the fine arts, but he nevertheless frequents the galleries and pours over his Phaidon books. Or he hovers over gramophone records of Byrd or Walton. Or devours the current high-brow periodicals, perhaps attempting to contribute to them. And, further, does not the capable student pick up these values from his contemporaries rather than from his teachers (whose tastes, however advanced the teachers think them, are usually out of date)? For the present writer sees the student of a university (it is for the benefit of the student that Aims 1 and 2 have been devised) in a way different from that in which the writers of this book tend to see him. They tend

to see him, mainly if not wholly, as the recipient of the teaching of his teachers. Would it not be better, however, to think of him in the way that Newman thought of him, as receiving learning from a hundred sources, only a few of which are his teachers? 'The established system' is only part of the student's experience, and, whatever the syllabus, Aims 2 will be pursued by any student capable of attaining them. Meanwhile the less capable student will be finding Aims 1 satisfactory as offering something more 'simple, definite, and attainable'.

Geoffrey Tillotson.

**Essays by Divers Hands.** Being the Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature of the United Kingdom. New Series. Vol. XIX. London: Humphrey Milford. 1942. Pp. viii+156. 7s. 6d. net.

**Essays and Studies.** By Members of the English Association. Vol. XXVII. Collected by Nowell Charles Smith. Oxford, at the Clarendon Press. 1941. Pp. 75. 7s. 6d. net.

Dr. Chapman in a lively introduction to the latest volume of *Essays by Divers Hands* expresses his dislike of miscellanies in general, and declares that such collections cannot be successfully promoted except by learned societies. One of the most useful functions of a great literary society is certainly the publication of an annual miscellany. The collections published by the Royal Society of Literature and The English Association respectively have well-established and valuable traditions which are excellently maintained in the latest volumes published in the two series. The *Essays by Divers Hands* are the more varied and have, perhaps, the more general appeal, the *Essays and Studies* are the more scholarly and the more specialized and technical.

Perhaps the most interesting, certainly the most original, contribution to the *Essays by Divers Hands* is the Tredegar Memorial Lecture by Michael Oakley on 'Poetry in the Lives of the Young'. This is one of the very few discussions of the subject, written from what might be called the child's viewpoint, that have appeared in print. Mr. Oakley goes straight to the root of the matter when he explains why the same children who love the poetry of the nursery rhyme and fairy story at home come to detest and despise poetry when they go to school:

The English class of many schools is forced to swallow and learn yards of Shakespearean blank verse or an Ode of Keats, which make but little appeal to the crude and untrained ears of youth, and whose sentiments they cannot digest. This they are made to get by heart in a sing-song manner until they are heartily sick of it, and then they have it hashed as parsing, paraphrase or analysis, until the word poetry comes to be a synonym to them for unintelligible matter which makes parsing and analysis harder by neglecting some of their rules.

There are two long and interesting biographical essays, one by Mr. R. W. Ramsey based on the delightful *Notitia* of a Restoration traveller called Sir George Wheler, and the other by Mr. Edmund Blunden on Thornton Hunt, Leigh Hunt's eldest son, who has a good claim to be remembered for himself and not merely as the son of his father. Professor Edith Morley contributes a pleasant sketch of the life of that admirable minor poet of the eighteenth century, John Cunningham, and at the same time provides an annotated anthology from his works. Mr. Ivor Brown discusses with humour and the authority of experience the 'Difficulties of Dramatic Criticism', and Mr. R. H. Mottram in a paper called 'Let Us Persist' rightly emphasizes the responsibilities which English-speaking writers will have to face at the end of the war, when they may have to 'purvey to

a Europe that will be like a captious patient recovering from a critical operation the means of distraction if not enlightenment'. In the Giff Edmonds Memorial Lecture Dr. Boas discusses the figure of the soldier in the English drama chiefly of the Elizabethan period, but also in later plays down to R. C. Sherriff's *Journey's End*.

For the twenty-seventh volume of the *Essays and Studies* by Members of the English Association Dr. Nowell Smith has collected a distinguished team of contributors. In the opening essay Mr. C. S. Lewis throws a great deal of light on the relationship between psycho-analysis and literature by discussing and criticizing Freud's remarks on art in his twenty-third and tenth *Introductory Lectures*. Mr. Lewis's emendations of Freudian theory cannot be summarized in a short review; he has outlined a criticism of the 'psycho-analytic approach to literature' which is of the highest value, and it is to be hoped that he will fill in this outline in a larger work. The pith of his indictment, not so much of Freud as of 'Freudian' criticism, is contained in the following words: 'Poetry is not a substitute for sexual satisfaction, nor sexual satisfaction for poetry. But if so, poetical pleasure is not sexual pleasure *simply* in disguise. It is, at worst, sexual pleasure *plus* something else, and we really want the something else for its own sake'. Mr. Basil Willey's short study of Lord Herbert of Cherbury is characterized by this critic's usual intellectual vigour and philosophical acuteness. It is a pity that he did not extend it to include a criticism of Lord Herbert's poetry, but perhaps the paper shortage is to be blamed for the omission. Miss C. M. Maclean's study of William Crowe, the author of *Lewesdon Hill* is notable both as a fine portrait of a very interesting man and an admirable appreciation of a body of poetry which has been forgotten and which is well worth reviving. An edition of Crowe's works by Miss Maclean would be a desirable contribution to the study of eighteenth-century poetry. Dr. Chapman in 'A Problem in Editorial Method' replies to a review and a 'middle', which appeared in the *Times Literary Supplement* on 14 June, 1941, and, with certain reservations, champions the cause of the critical edition as 'the most convenient and least expensive medium for the publication of textual minutiae' as against the contention of the writer in *T.L.S.* that these things should be hidden away in the obscurity of a learned journal. Incidentally with his usual wit and varied learning he discusses some of the chief problems that confront the editor of old texts. Dr. Rouse's essay on *Style* contains amusing parodies of Gibbon, Macaulay and Henry James, and some provocative remarks. The collection is very nicely rounded off by Mr. S. C. Roberts, who discourses with characteristic urbanity on the literature of the Nineties. His account of *The Yellow Aster* by Iota is an example of what Dr. Johnson called the 'verdure and flowers', which sometimes reward the reader of learned miscellanies.

V. DE SOLA PINTO.

## SHORT NOTICES

**A Book of Short Plays XV-XX Centuries.** London: Published for the English Association by the Oxford University Press, 1940. Pp. viii+299. 3s. 6d. net.

This volume is intended as a companion to the Association's previous publications, *Poems of To-day* and *Prose of To-day*, but instead of confining itself, as they do, to contemporary material, the editors have attempted to 'widen the scope and range of the volume' by beginning in the fifteenth century and including plays which should 'illustrate aspects of the development of English drama through the centuries'.

There are difficulties inherent in this scheme, for it is hard to represent certain centuries by short plays, and, unless all are represented, it is no less hard to illustrate aspects of development. The compilers have shown great skill and ingenuity in finding plays which bridged what sometimes threatened to become an impassable gulf between the two conflicting demands of brevity and representativeness.

The fifteenth century comes out excellently in this selection; no experienced student of that field of drama (or, indeed, of any part of the European medieval drama) would wish to represent it through the very few long moralities, such as the *Castle of Perseverance*, that have survived. Therefore, to offer as specimens the Brome version of *Abraham and Isaac* and to offset it with *Everyman*, is to offer two out of the four or five medieval plays to which any anthologist would turn if he were under no restriction as regards length or century. The early sixteenth century fares well, too, for it is possible to use Heywood's highly characteristic *Play of the Wether*. But after that the problem becomes more serious. The public theatre of the Elizabethan and Jacobean period is of necessity represented by one of the few plays that can strictly be called 'short', and *A Yorkshire Tragedy*, interesting as it is, is perhaps hardly typical of the period that saw the best of the work of Marlowe, Greene, Peele, Lyly, Shakespeare, Chapman, Marston, Ben Jonson, Dekker, Middleton, Tourneur, Webster, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Ford. A different side of seventeenth-century drama is well represented by William Browne's *Inner Temple masque*. But the almost unavoidable choice of these two, to cover the period from the middle of the sixteenth to the middle of the eighteenth century, excludes not only the most characteristic of the Elizabethan and Jacobean plays, but the later drama, no less characteristic of its period, of the Restoration and early eighteenth century.

The difficulty of reconciling the two intentions diminishes in the later eighteenth and in the nineteenth century and is greatly lessened in the twentieth. For in this recent phase the drama revived, with the rise of the one-act play, the brief form which had been characteristic of its medieval period.

The biographical and glossarial notes are admirably suited to their purpose, that of providing the general reader with certain necessary facts in a clear and brief form.

UNA ELLIS-FERMOR.

**Vondel and Milton.** By JEHANGIR R. P. MODY. Bombay: K. & J. Cooper. 1942. Pp. xiv+326. Rs. 15.

This book is in two parts: the first deals with 'the Vondel-Milton Controversy', the second is a translation of Vondel's *Lucifer* into heroic couplets. The first part is based on a shallow conception of Milton as 'the rebel who poses as the champion of freedom'. The author has attempted, for all his industry and enthusiasm, a task which is beyond his reach: his copious citations from a large number of critics, good, bad and indifferent, are still not enough to make his work a critical contribution of any serious value. The second part of the book may be useful to those who are not able to read Vondel's great drama in the original.

Helen Darbishire.



## SUMMARY OF PERIODICAL LITERATURE

BY ALICE WALKER AND GLADYS D. WILLCOCK

BULLETIN OF THE JOHN RYLANDS LIBRARY, Vol. 27, No. 1, December 1942—

Browning's ethical poetry (H. B. Charlton), pp. 36-69.

The Folger Shakespeare Memorial Library (H. B. Charlton), pp. 70-3.

Robert Merry—a pre-Byronic hero (James L. Clifford), pp. 74-96.

ELH, Vol. 9, No. 4, December 1942—

Unconscious expectations in the reading of poetry (Mayer Howard Abrams),

pp. 235-44.

The Trojan background of the *Troilus* (Robert D. Mayo), pp. 245-56.

Donne's alchemical figures (Edgar Hill Duncan), pp. 257-85.

Christopher Smart and the *Lilliputian Magazine* (Rowland B. Botting),

pp. 286-7.

Rational proof of a deity from the order of nature (May Dulaney Bush),

pp. 288-319.

The fusion of the ideas of Reason and Nature in writers from Addison to Akenside and the anticipation of the Wordsworthian 'influence of natural objects'.

Wordsworth and the *Witch of Atlas* (John E. Jordan), pp. 320-5.

— Vol. 10, No. 1, March 1943—

The romantic movement: a selective and critical bibliography for the year 1942 (Walter Graham, Ed.), pp. 1-25.

St. Bridget, Queen Elizabeth, and *Amadis of Gaul* (Josephine Waters Bennett), pp. 26-34.

Defoe, Stevenson, and the pirates (John Robert Moore), pp. 35-60.

Lamb's criticism of Restoration comedy (Walter E. Houghton, Jr.), pp. 61-72.

HISTORY, Vol. 28, No. 107, March 1943—

English and French in England 1100-1300 (R. M. Wilson), pp. 37-60.

MEDIUM AEVUM, Vol. 11, 1942—

Old English *hrothian* (J. A. W. Bennett), p. 90.

MODERN LANGUAGE NOTES, Vol. 57, No. 8, December 1942—

The fencing actor-lines in Shakespeare's plays (James L. Jackson), pp. 615-21.

The reception of *Modern Painters* (Lester Dolk), pp. 621-6.

Two unpublished poems by Mark Akenside (Ralph M. Williams), pp. 626-301.

Etymologies of Old French *reechier* and English *rack* (Charles H. Livingston), pp. 631-8.

The Summoner's 'psalm of Davit' (Marie P. Hamilton), pp. 655-7.

Spenser and the 'cing points en amours' (James Hutton), pp. 657-61.

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John Donne and Virginia in 1610 (Harold Cooper), pp. 661-3.  
 Shakespeare's purgative drug 'cyme' (Norman E. Eliason), pp. 663-5.  
*Macbeth*, V. iii. 55-6; a suggestion that 'cyme' is a doublet of *cumin*.

Addison's *mixt wit* (Robert L. Morris), pp. 666-8.

The text of Edward Young's Letters to Samuel Richardson (Henry Pettit), pp. 668-70.

Fielding and 'the first Gothic revival' (Robert B. Heilman), pp. 671-3.

Shelley and the *Conciones ad Populum* (Kenneth Neill Cameron), pp. 673-4.

Four words in Coxe's *A Short Treatise . . . of Magicall Sciences* (Edwin J. Howard), pp. 674-5.

Supplementary to *O.E.D.* (*proclivitie, adhere, arologie, devastation*).

Gray's opinion of Parnell (Herbert W. Starr), pp. 675-6.

An echo of *L'Allegro* in Gray's *Bard* (Herbert W. Starr), p. 676.

## — Vol. 58, No. 1, January 1943—

More on the Arthuriana of Nennius (William A. Nitze), pp. 1-8.

Chaucerian *minutiae* (Haldeen Braddy), pp. 18-23.

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'Seint Julian he was' (Henry Savage), pp. 47-8.

Worth both his Ears (Hazelton Spencer), p. 48.

*Piers Plowman*, B Prologue, 78.

The lost lines of 'Secunda Pastorum' (Hazelton Spencer), pp. 49-50.

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Notes on early Tudor control of the stage (William J. Griffin), pp. 50-4.

The final protest against the Elizabeth-Alençon marriage proposal (Ivan L. Schulze), pp. 54-7.

A note on Spenser and painting (Dorothy F. Atkinson), pp. 57-8.

How long was Gothic fiction in vogue (Robert D. Mayo), pp. 58-64.

Gérando: a source for Emerson (Carl F. Strauch), pp. 64-7.

Notes on Carlyle's *Journey to Germany, Autumn 1858* (Richard Salomon), pp. 67-9.

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